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ESSAYS
AND
CRITICISMS,
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

VOL. II.



ESSAYS
AND
CRITICISMS,
BY DR. GOLDSMITH;
WITH
AN ACCOUNT
OF
THE AUTHOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.



London:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

M.DCC.XCVIII.

ESSAYS

1877

COLLECTION

BY DR. GOLDSMITH

WITH

AN ACCOUNT

OF

THE AUTHOR

IN THREE VOLUMES



LONDON:

Printed by...

Printed and Published by...

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PREFACE.

IT was the fate of the ingenious Author of the *ESSAYS and CRITICISMS*, now first collectively offered to the Public, to begin his literary career, unknown and unpatronized, laboriously employing himself to provide for the exigencies of the passing day; and during that period of penury and distress, scattering over the periodical publications of the times: works of merit, enough to confer celebrity on any name whose owner had the advantage of being known to the world. Works which, from the obscurity of the author, were neglected

and left to perish amidst the rubbish with which they were furrounded.

GENIUS, however, in a country like Great Britain, cannot long be depressed. That of GOLDSMITH at length triumphed over the difficulties of his situation. By slow degrees he forced himself into notice. His talents were allowed; enquiry was made after his early performances; and some of them he was induced to revise, correct, and publish in a Volume * himself. To those ESSAYS ample justice has been rendered; and such is public caprice, those who were blind to the excellencies of an obscure author, while struggling for notice, and even for exist-

* This Volume of ESSAYS was published by Dr. GOLDSMITH in 1765, and is the same referred to in the present Publication as Vol. I.

ence, were soon compelled to applaud the flashes of wit; the happy strokes of humour; the accurate observation on life and manners, and the successful delineation of character, which afterwards shone forth with acknowledged splendour, in the admirable Comedies of "The Good-natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

BUT though the *Essays*, published by Dr. *GOLDSMITH* himself, were received by the world as the genuine efforts of genius, they were still but a selection. Many pieces of undoubted excellence were known to be omitted, and some which were suspected to be of his composition could not be certainly ascertained. These circumstances occasioned enquiry, and enquiry was the means of bringing to

light what otherwise would not have been known. The late Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, Printer, a man of literary observation and experience, had, during his connection with those periodical publications, in which the early works of Dr. GOLDSMITH were originally contained, carefully marked the several compositions of the different writers, as they were delivered to him to print. Being therefore, it was supposed, the only person able to separate the genuine performances of Dr. GOLDSMITH from those of other writers, in these miscellaneous collections, it became the wish of several admirers of the Author of *The Traveller* and *Deserted Village*, that his authentic writings should no longer be blended with either doubtful or spurious pieces. Mr. WRIGHT was therefore recommended and prevailed upon

upon to print the present Selection, which he had just compleated at the time of his death.

To expatiate on the merit of the present Collection, or the Author of it, would be a waste of time. His reputation is established beyond the reach of criticism, and it is presumed will suffer no diminution from the present volumes, which the discerning Reader will perceive bear evident marks of authenticity, and prove themselves to be the undoubted works of that Author, who, as Dr. Johnson describes him, "had such variety of powers and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general

without confusion ; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

L I F E
OF
DR. GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was the third son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a divine of great respectability, though but in narrow circumstances. He was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in the kingdom of Ireland, 29th November, in the year 1731*, and was instructed in the classics, at the school of Mr. Hughes. On the 11th of June, 1744, he was admitted a Sizer of Trinity College, Dublin, under the tuition of Dr. Radcliffe, where he was contemporary with Mr. Edmund Burke. At college he exhibited no specimens of that genius which distinguished him in his maturer years. According to his own whimsical account of himself, "he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study much in repute there, yet he could turn an ode of Horace into English better than any of them." On the 27th of February, 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time), he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. At this period of his life he turned his thoughts to the profession of physic; and

* So says his Epitaph. Other accounts place his birth, and not without probability, in 1729.

after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, he proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he pursued the study of the several branches of medicine, under the different professors in that university. At this period of his life, the same want of thought and circumspection, and the same heedless beneficence governed, that in his latter years continued to involve him in difficulties. Imprudently engaging to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow student, who failed to exonerate him from the demand, he found himself under the necessity of hastily quitting Scotland, to avoid the horrors of a jail.

SUNDERLAND was the place in which he took refuge, and there he arrived in the beginning of the year 1754. His sudden flight had left him no means of providing for his present wants, and he was driven to the greatest extremity. It was at this period, it is imagined, that he was reduced to an embarrassment, which will be best related in the words of the person who originally gave the anecdote to the public*.

“UPON his first going to England he was in such distress, that he would have gladly become an usher to a country school; but so destitute was he of friends to

* A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, in a Series of Letters to John Watkinson, M. D. Dublin, 8vo. 1788, p. 286.

recommend him, that he could not without difficulty obtain even this low department. The master of the school scrupled to employ him, without some testimonial of his past life. GOLDSMITH referred him to his tutor at college for a character ; but all this while he went under a feigned name. From this resource, therefore, one would think that little in his favour could be even hoped for ; but he only wanted to serve a present exigency—an ushership was not his object.

“ IN this strait he writes a letter to Dr. Radcliffe, imploring him, as he tendered the welfare of an old pupil, not to answer a letter which he would probably receive the same post with his own, from the schoolmaster. He added, that he had good reasons for concealing, both from him and the rest of the world, his name, and the real state of his case : every circumstance of which he promised to communicate upon some future occasion. His tutor, embarrassed enough before to know what answer he should give, resolved at last to give none. And thus was poor GOLDSMITH snatched from between the horns of his present dilemma, and suffered to drag on a miserable life for a few probationary months.

“ IT was not till after his return to London, from his rambles over great part of the world, and after having got some sure footing on this slippery globe, that he at length wrote to Dr. Radcliffe, to thank him
for

for not answering the schoolmaster's letter, and to fulfil his promise of giving the history of the whole transaction. It contained a comical narrative of his adventures, from his leaving Ireland to that time," It is to be regretted that accident has since destroyed this narrative, which the gentleman to whom it was written, admired more than any part of our author's works.

BUT although Dr. GOLDSMITH had escaped from Scotland into England, he could not secure himself from the fangs of the law. The vigilance of his creditor, a tailor, followed him, and he was arrested for the money, on account of which he had become security. From this difficulty he was released by the friendship of Mr. Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh, who were then at the college of Edinburgh. As soon as he was at liberty, he took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, from whence, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited a great part of Flanders; and after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, at which last place he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

IT is said, on unquestionable authority, that our ingenious author performed the greater part of his travels on foot; and he himself alludes to this circumstance in one of his early works. "Countries," says he, "wear different appearances to travellers of different circumstances.

stances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions.—*Haud inexpertus loquor.*” It has been asserted, that he was enabled to pursue his travels, partly by demanding at universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when, luckily for him, his challenge was not accepted; so that, as it has been observed, he disputed his passage through Europe.

He had left England ill provided with money; but being at that time of a rambling disposition, and having probably no settled scheme of life, he neither foresaw, nor feared, any difficulties. He possessed also a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a mind not easily terrified by danger. Thus qualified, he formed the design of seeing the manners of different countries. He had acquired some knowledge of the French language, and of music; he played also on the German flute, which he found a very useful accomplishment, as at times it afforded him the means of subsistence, which all his other qualities would have failed to acquire for him. His learning, though not profound, produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses that he visited; and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. “Whenever I approached a peasant’s house towards
merry

nightfall," he used to say, "I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; "but in truth," his constant expression, "I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them."

ON his arrival at Geneva, it is said he was recommended as a travelling tutor to a young man, of mean birth and sordid disposition, who, after he had arrived at years of maturity, unexpectedly came into possession of a considerable fortune. With this person our author proceeded to the South of France, where a disagreement arose between the tutor and pupil, which ended in their parting from each other. Once more our ill-fated traveller was left to encounter the difficulties of a friendless stranger in a foreign country. He had by this time satisfied his curiosity, and accordingly bent his steps towards England, where he arrived some time about the year 1757.

His situation was now altered, but not improved. He was still a stranger, and still destitute. "The world was all before him," but the means of present subsistence was not easily to be obtained. He applied to several apothecaries to be received as a journeyman; but his broad Irish accent, and uncouth appearance, operated

operated against his reception. In this forlorn state he was at length obliged to submit to the humble condition of an assistant in the laboratory of a chemist near Fish-street Hill. From this drudgery he was released by the kindness of his friend Dr. Sleigh, who received him into his family, and undertook to support him, until some means could be devised for his maintenance. In a short time he accepted the employment of usher to a boarding-school, kept by Dr. Milner, a dissenting teacher, at Peckham. Though this station, when viewed in its proper light, can be esteemed neither dishonourable nor disgraceful, yet, it is remarkable, it was the only one which GOLDSMITH shrunk from the recollection of, when he attained a more prosperous state.

It is imagined, that while he was usher to Dr. Milner, he first engaged in the pursuits of literature. The earliest performance by him, now to be discovered, is, "The Memoirs of a Protestant, condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion. Written by himself. Translated from the Original, just published at the Hague, by James Willington;" 1758, two volumes, 12mo, for which Mr. Edward Dilly paid him twenty guineas. In 1759 appeared "An Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe;" and in October of the same year he began "The Bee," a weekly publication, which ceased at the end of eight numbers.

numbers. In the next year he became known to Dr. Smollett, who was then publishing "The British Magazine;" and for that work our author composed several of the essays, which he afterwards collected into the volume already mentioned, as well as some of those inserted in the present volumes. He also engaged as an assistant in the Critical Review; and it is believed wrote some articles in the Monthly Review.

IN the commencement of his literary career, he determined to observe the rules of economy very rigidly, and with that view took a lodging in Green-arbour Court, in the Old Bailey, where the greater part of his most successful pieces were written. He had been introduced to Mr. Newbery, a man who truly deserved the eulogium bestowed by Dr. Warburton on the book-sellers in general, as "one of the best judges and rewarders of merit," by whom he was employed to write in the Public Ledger the Chinese Letters, afterwards collected under the title of "The Citizen of the World;" and soon after he obtained the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who encouraged him in his pursuits, applauded his exertions, and occasionally assisted him with his advice.

OUR author, however, did not soon emerge from obscurity. He continued in his humble abode in Green-arbour Court, until about the middle of the
year

year 1762, when he removed to a handsome set of chambers in the Middle Temple. His name was still but little known, except among the booksellers, until the year 1765, when his genius displayed itself in its full vigour by the publication of "The Traveller, or a Prospect of Society;" a poem begun in Switzerland, and which was revised by Dr. Johnson; who pronounced this eulogium on it, "that there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time.

IN the year 1767, our author, who had now assumed the title of Doctor, made his first, and, probably, his only effort towards obtaining a permanent establishment. On the death of Mr. Mace, Gresham Professor of Civil Law, he became a candidate to succeed him; but without success. In 1768, his first play, *The Good-natured Man*, was acted at Covent Garden, with less approbation than it deserved. Dr. Johnson's opinion of this performance was, that it was the best comedy that had appeared since the *Provoked Husband*; and that there had not been of late any such character on the stage as that of Croaker. In the succeeding year he had the honorary Professorship of History in the Royal Academy conferred on him; and in this year his beautiful poem, "*The Deserted Village*," was first printed.

THE estimation in which he was held by the booksellers

sellars was at this time so great, that he was solicited to engage in a variety of works, some of which, it cannot be denied, were executed in a hasty and slovenly manner. His reputation however was but little diminished to the end of his life. His emoluments were very great; and had he possessed only a small portion of prudence, he might have ensured that independence, the want of which embittered his latter days, and contributed in some measure to shorten his life.

His generosity, not to call it profusion, was without bounds; and he had constantly a set of miserable dependants, whose wants he supplied, even to the distressing himself. He had also unfortunately contracted a habit of gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted; and consequently became the prey of some who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance. An habitual carelessness with respect to money matters, at all times appears to have been his predominant failing. Though, as already observed, the emoluments arising from his writings were very great, yet his income bore no proportion to his expences. He became embarrassed in his circumstance, and in consequence uneasy, fretful, and peevish. To this was added a violent strangury, with which he was some years afflicted, and which, with other misfortunes, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this state he was attacked by a nervous fever, which,
being

being improperly treated, terminated in his dissolution the 4th of April, 1774, in the forty-third year of his age. It was first intended by his friends to bury him in Westminster Abbey; his pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Honourable Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but a slight inspection into his affairs showed the impropriety of that design. He was therefore privately interred, in the burial ground belonging to the Temple; when Mr. Hugh Kelly, Messrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen, who had been his friends in life, attended his corps as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

DR. JOHNSON'S character of GOLDSMITH, as an author, a few years after his death, is highly honourable to him. "He was," says that admirable writer, "a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best, that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

Mr. BOSWELL has also portrayed our author; and some of his traits of his character will be readily recognized

nized by his surviving friends. "No man had the art of displaying with more advantage, as a writer, whatever literary acquisition he made.—*Nilil quod tetigit non ornavit.*—His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre, appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*; and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous where-ever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short; his countenance coarse and vulgar; his deportment that of a scholar, awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible."—"He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections were social and generous; and when he had money, he gave it away very liberally."

To

To these accounts, we shall add the following pleasant description of our author, by the sprightly pen of David Garrick.

HERE, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow.
Right and wrong shall be jumbled; much gold, and
some dross;

Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross:
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions;
A great lover of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the
baking,

Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking;
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste,
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine
taste.

That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to his head, and set fire to his tail:
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be GOLDSMITH his name.
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here.

A FEW years after his death a monument, by Nollkens, was erected in Westminster Abbey, by a collection made by his friends; and upon it is inscribed
the

the following epitaph, written by Dr. Samuel Johnson :

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH

POETÆ, PHYSICI, HISTORICI,

QUI NULLUM FERE SCRIBENDI GENUS

NON TETIGIT,

NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT;

SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI,

SIVE LACRYMÆ,

AFFECTUUM POTENS, AT LENIS DOMINATOR;

INGENIO SUBLIMIS, VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS;

ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS, VENUSTUS;

HOC MONUMENTO MEMORIAM COLUIT

SODALIUM AMOR,

AMICORUM FIDES,

LECTORUM VENERATIO.

NATUS HIBERNIA, FORNEIÆ LONFORDIENSIS

IN LOCO CUI NOMEN PALLAS,

NOV. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.

EBLANÆ LITERIS INSTITUTUS,

OBIIT LONDINI,

APR. IV. MDCCCLXXIV.

AN
ORIGINAL LETTER
OF
DR. GOLDSMITH.

TO
ROBERT BRAYNTON, Esq. Ballymahon, Ireland.

Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB,

HOW many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence!—I might tell how I wrote a long letter at my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer; I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen;—but I suppress these, and twenty more equally plausible and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth: an hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to

VOL. II.

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my

my friends in Ireland. No turnspit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address.—Yet what shall I say now I am enter'd? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their vallies scarce able to feed a rabbit?—Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil.—Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape: no grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty:—yet, with all these disadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive.—The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them:—if mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration, and *that* they can plentifully bestow on themselves.

FROM their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys, namely, the gentlemen are much better bred than amongst us.—No such character here as our fox-hunters; and they have expressed great surprize when I informed them that some men in Ireland of 1000*l.* a year spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl, that will let them, with child: and truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress,
came

came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback. The men here have generally high cheek-bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though, now I mention dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here.—When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit dismally in a groupe by themselves; on the other end stands their pensive partners, that are to be; but no more intercourse between the sexes, than there is between two countries at war:—the ladies, indeed, may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforefaid lady directress, so they dance much and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman, that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres: and the Scotch gentleman told me (and, faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.—Now I'm come to the ladies, and to shew that I love Scotland, and every thing that belongs to

so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times handsomer and finer than the Irish:—to be sure now I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprized at my partiality, but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or ———, a potatoe; for I say it, and will maintain it, and, as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But, to be less serious, where will you find a language so pretty become a pretty mouth, as the broad Scotch? and the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of their young ladies to pronounce—"Whoar wull I gong"—with a becoming wideness of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer. We have no such character here as a coquet; but, alas! how many envious prudes!—Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilkoubry's (don't be surprized, my Lord is but a glover), when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or, more properly, the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Strait envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies, who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form:—"For my part," says the first, "I think, what I always thought, that the Duchess has too much red in her complexion."—"Madam, I'm of your opinion," says the second, and.

“and I think her face has a palish cast, too much on the delicate order.”—“And let me tell you,” adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, “that the Duchefs has fine lips, but she wants a mouth.”—At this, every lady drew up her mouth as if she was going to pronounce the letter P. —But how ill, my Bob, does it become me, to ridicule women with whom I have scarce any correspondence!—There are, ’tis certain, handsome women here; and ’tis as certain, there are handsome men to keep them company.—An ugly and a poor man is society for himself: and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance.—Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person, to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world, and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it.—But I begin to grow splenetic; and, perhaps, the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you can’t send news from B. Mahon, but, such as it is send it all; every thing you write will be agreeable and entertaining to me. Has George Conway put up a sign yet; or John Finecly left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave to your own choice what to write.—While OLIVER GOLDSMITH lives, know you have a friend!

P.S. GIVE my sincerest regards (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family; and give my
service

service to my mother, if you see her, for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still.

DIRECT to me—Student in Phyfic, in Edinburgh.

CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

ESSAY.

Page.

1	<i>CHARACTER of Lord Chatham</i>	1
2	<i>Omrah: The Happy Moslem; an Eastern Allegorical Tale</i>	7
3	<i>Sibbersik and Igluka: A burlesque Greenland Tale</i>	49
4	<i>Alcanor and Endofia: A Tale</i>	60
5	<i>Riches without Happiness</i>	70
6	<i>True Politeness</i>	79
7	<i>Instinct and Reason</i>	85
8	<i>Physiognomy</i>	94
9	<i>Fascination</i>	107
10	<i>National Concord</i>	114
11	<i>Female Warriors</i>	119
12	<i>National Prejudices</i>	127
13	<i>Taste</i>	134
14	<i>Cultivation of Taste</i>	147
14	<i>Origin of Poetry</i>	163
16	<i>Poetry distinguished from other Writing</i>	181
17	<i>Metaphors</i>	197
18	<i>Hyperboles</i>	223
19	<i>Verseification</i>	231

CONTENTS

VOL. II

	Page
1. THE HISTORY OF THE	1
2. THE HISTORY OF THE	2
3. THE HISTORY OF THE	3
4. THE HISTORY OF THE	4
5. THE HISTORY OF THE	5
6. THE HISTORY OF THE	6
7. THE HISTORY OF THE	7
8. THE HISTORY OF THE	8
9. THE HISTORY OF THE	9
10. THE HISTORY OF THE	10
11. THE HISTORY OF THE	11
12. THE HISTORY OF THE	12
13. THE HISTORY OF THE	13
14. THE HISTORY OF THE	14
15. THE HISTORY OF THE	15
16. THE HISTORY OF THE	16
17. THE HISTORY OF THE	17
18. THE HISTORY OF THE	18
19. THE HISTORY OF THE	19
20. THE HISTORY OF THE	20

ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LX.

WE know not a character of antiquity which can be produced as a rival to that of the present Minister*.

His eloquence, integrity, and zeal for the interests of the commonwealth, may have been equalled by several individuals both of Greece and Rome; but the vigour, sagacity, and success with which he has exerted those qualities, are unprecedented; and his universal popularity in a free

* The Right Hon. W. PITT, Esq. then one of his MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES of STATE, and afterwards created EARL OF CHATHAM, father of the present CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

VOL. II.

B

state,

state, which had been long divided by inveterate factions, is altogether without example.

WERE we obliged to find a parallel between him and some distinguished character of the ancient republics, we should compare him to the Two Brothers the GRACCHI, the illustrious advocates of the Roman people, and the most shining ornaments of a polished commonwealth. We would compare him to both the Brothers, because the virtues and accomplishments of both seem united in his character.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS and CAIUS GRACCHUS were of the Sempronian family, which, though Plebeian, was eminent, worthy, and honourable, and allied to the most noble houses of Rome. Both Brothers were actuated by the same warm zeal for the interest of their fellow-citizens; and so extraordinary were their talents, that, had they flourished at the same period of time, their united endeavours must have surmounted all opposition: but Caius, being the junior by nine years, could not co-operate with his brother Tiberius in the great scheme he had projected in behalf of the common people; and he afterwards adopted his plan without success. Each made his efforts separately, and both perished in the same attempt, through the jealousy and resentment of the patricians.

cians. Their enemies accused them of ambition : but * the imputation was unjust. In reviving the Licinian law for the division of lands, they were solely animated and influenced by a principle of patriot humanity, which indeed glowed to a degree of enthusiasm.

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, that elegant sycophant of arbitrary power, is forced to acknowledge, that, bating their supposed design against the constitution of their country, their morals were unblemished, and their lives irreproachable. He owns their genius was sublime, and that their engagements were sacred : in a word, that they were adorned with all the virtues that human nature, in its greatest perfection, could acquire or possess. Yet there was an essential difference in the characters of these two celebrated Roman patriots. Tiberius was mild and composed, of a winning address and gentle disposition : when he harangued in public, he seemed to solicit, and indeed to se-

* ὁ δὲ ἀδελφὸς αὐτῷ Γάιος ἐν τινι βιβλίῳ γέγραπεν, εἰς Νομαλῖαν πορευόμενον διὰ τῆς Τυρρήνης τὸν Τιβερίον, καὶ τὴν ἰσημίαν τῆς χώρας ὁρῶντα, καὶ τὰς γεωργίας ἢ νέμοντας, οἰκίας ἐπιστάκλους καὶ βαρβάρους, τότε πρῶτον ἐπὶ νῦν βαλίσθαι τὴν μυρίαν κακῶν ἄρξασαν αὐτοῖς πολιτείαν. τὴν δὲ πλείστην αὐτὸς ὁ δῆμος ὁρμὴν καὶ φιλοτιμίαν ἐξῆψε, προκαλούμενος διὰ γραμμάτων αὐτὸν ἐν σοαῖς καὶ τοίχοις καὶ μύησιν γραφομένων, ἀναλαβοῦν τοῖς πόσι τὴν δημοσίαν χώραν.

ΠΛΟΥΤΑΡΧ. ΤΙΒ. ΓΡΑΚΚ.

duce the applause of his audience, by artful arguments and pathetic images : his elocution was soft and insinuating : he endeavoured to please, in order to persuade. Caius was more open, bold, and impetuous. He possessed an irresistible energy of eloquence, enforced with sublime strokes and daring metaphors, that aroused, astonished, and shook his hearers to the inmost soul. It was the thunder of oratory, which levelled all opposition with a seeming supernatural power, flashing conviction on the sense, and exciting a mingled transport of reverence and terror *.

IN his youth he had exercised the profession of arms ; and, had he prosecuted that employment, would, in all probability, have rivalled the greatest commanders of the republic ; for, with the most penetrating genius, he possessed the most active intrepidity. He was afterwards promoted to the post of *Quæstor*, or Paymaster-General to the

* Ἐπεὶ δὲ ὥσπερ ἡ τῶν πλασσομένων καὶ γραφομένων, Διοσκῶρων ὁμοιότης ἔχει τινὰ τῇ πυκνικῇ πρὸς τὸν δρόμικόν ἐπὶ τῆς μορφῆς διαφορὰν, ὥτω τῶν νεανίσκων ἐκείνων ἐν πολλῇ τῇ πρὸς ἀνδρείαν καὶ σωφροσύνην, ἔτι δὲ ἐλευθεριότητα καὶ λογιότητα καὶ μεγαλοψυχίαν ἐμφερεία, μεγάλαι περὶ τὰ ἔργα καὶ τὰς πολιτείας οἶον ἐξηθησαν καὶ διεφάνησαν ἀνομοιότητις· ὃ χεῖρον εἶναι μοι δοκεῖ ταύτας προεκθίσθαι. πρῶτος μὲν ἦν ἰδέα πρὸς ὅπασα καὶ βλέμματι καὶ κινήματι πρᾶτον καὶ κατασηματικὸς ἦν ὁ Τιβέριος, ἦλλον δὲ καὶ σφοδρὸς.

forces ; an office which had proved a source of opulence to almost every person by whom it had been enjoyed. This he executed with the most punctual attention to the necessities of the soldiery, and such disinterested regard to the severest dictates of honour, as not only conciliated the warmest affection of the troops, but even inspired foreign potentates with admiration and esteem *.

COURAGE, moderation, liberality, public spirit, and greatness of soul, were qualities which the Two Brothers held in common, with a glowing sense of friendship, and a philosophical contempt of pleasure. These advantages were reinforced by a dignified air, an engaging countenance, and all those graces of nature which could serve as a recommendation to such superlative merit †.

σφοδρὸς ὁ Γαῖος· ἔπειτα ὁ λογὸν τῷ μὲν Γαίῳ φοβερός καὶ περιπαθὴς εἰς δέινωσιν, ἡδίων δὲ ὁ τῷ Τιβερίῳ, καὶ μᾶλλον ἱππαγωγὸς οἴκῳ· τῇ δὲ λίξει καθαρός καὶ διαπαιστωμένος· ἀκριβῶς ἐκεῖνος, ὁ δὲ Γαῖος, πιθανὸς καὶ γεγανωμένος· Vide Vertot's Revolution of Rome, lib. viii.

* Καὶ πρῶτον μὲν ἐκ Λιβύης παρὰ Μικιῶ τῷ βασιλεῶς πρέσβεις παραγενομένους, καὶ λέγοντας ὡς ὁ βασιλεὺς χάριτι Γαίῳ Γρακχῷ πέμψειν εἰς Σαρδόνια σῖτον τῇ στρατηγῷ, δυσχεραίνοντες ἐξέβαλον.

† The following Extracts from Dr. SMOLLETT's DEDICATION of the BRITISH MAGAZINE to Mr. PITT

may serve to complete the PARALLEL, which some readers may perhaps think, would seem to conclude rather abruptly :

“ Malice itself must own, that whatever the warmest imagination could suggest, whatever the fondest hope could presage, from your sublime talents and incorruptible integrity, hath been more than realized by your conduct, since you charged yourself with the direction of public affairs.

“ Endowed by nature with that vigour of mind which constitutes the true basis of magnanimity, and animated with such patriot zeal as would have dignified the first citizen of the Roman republic, you have restored your country to that rank which she ought to maintain among the nations. You have healed her divisions, abolished the distinctions of party, and, by your own personal importance, united all your fellow subjects in one generous and hearty concurrence to support the dignity and prosecute the true interest of the Common-wealth.

“ You have inspired our councils with courage, fortitude, and wisdom : you have directed our national efforts to the pursuit of true glory and infallible success. Under the auspices of your Ministry, distinguished above all others for vigilance, steadiness, and foresight, our arms by sea and land are again accustomed to triumph : they have raised immortal trophies in the four divisions of the globe. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, have in their turns beheld illustrious proofs of British valour ; and Victory seems to have chosen her station between the knees of our aged Sovereign.

“ Embellished with these great and glorious events, this period will, in the annals of Great Britain, shine with unrivalled and unfading lustre. The administration of a PITT, so dear to the present age, which fills our mouths with praise and our hearts with exultation, will become the historian's favourite æra, and prove, to latest posterity, a darling theme of admiration and applause.”

E S S A Y II.

OMRAH, the son of Abulfaid, of the seed of the faithful, native of the city of Bir, in the province of Diarbekr, or Algiezirah, fertilized by the waters of El-pharat *, being fired by the pride of youth, and stimulated by a thirst after knowledge, resolved to improve his mind by travelling into foreign countries. He accordingly mounted his camel, and departed with the caravan for Basrah, where he arrived without accident, and made a considerable purchase of the most beautiful pearls. Having thus far happily performed his journey, his heart panted with desire to visit the imperial city of Baghdad, where he might be an eye-witness of the glory and magnificence that surrounded the person of the renowned khaliph Haroun al Raschid, the sublime successor of the Prophet, the emperor of the faithful, the rose of delight, the steward of Paradise, the cherisher of merit, whose countenance shone like the vision

* The Euphrates is called by the natives El-pharat.

of Al Borak *, whose wings were perpetually dropping with the dews of liberality, and extended for shelter to all the children of distress.

OMRAH, elevated with success, and glowing with the reflection of his own importance, considered through the medium of youthful vanity, set out from Basrah, without guide or company, and had already advanced as far as the delightful plains of Hella, within a day's journey of the great city. The sun had begun to gild the horizon; the heavens displayed an unclouded expanse of blue serenity; the fig-tree, the citron, the palm, and pomegranate, seemed to open their arms to welcome the new-born day; the verdant plants that adorn the banks of El-pharat, glittered with the dew-drops of the morning; the young camel, the wanton fawn, the bounding antelope, and nimble zebra, sported along the meads, and every bush resounded with the melody of the winged choristers. Every thing concurred to fill the heart of our youth with gaiety and good-humour, and inspire his breast with that self-confidence which never fails to darken the natural lights of sense and reason. Here he

* Al Borak, according to the Koran, was the beast that carried Mahomet to heaven. His face was like that of a man; and his eyes shone with as great a lustre as the stars would display, were they enlightened by the rays of the sun.

was overtaken by two personages, whose appearance forthwith attracted his attention. One of them seemed to be a man in stature, but a child in countenance : his eyes were vacant, his features inanimated ; his mouth was unfurnished with teeth, and an insipid smile languished incessantly on his face. His neck was hung round with tinkling cymbals : in his hand he carried a pole, to the end of which was fixed the bladder of a dromedary, distended with air, and containing a few polished pebbles. This instrument he rattled ever and anon, and seemed to take pleasure in the sound it produced. His companion, who performed the office of tutor, and led him by a bow-string fastened to his girdle, appeared to be of the middle age, tall, robust, and brawny, with a brindled beard and froward visage. The place of one eye was covered with a patch of black taffeta ; the other, surrounded with a livid circle, glared like a comet portending the vengeance of heaven : his nose, which was curved like the staff of the khaliph, had been levelled to his face by the stroke of accident ; his forehead was indented with scars ; his teeth were broken and displaced ; his turban was stained with blood : his garment was torn, and he halted on one leg like Ebn Zaid, the emir of Moufful. A scymetar of Damascus hung upon his thigh, without a scabbard ; and in his hand he bore a splintered lance, the remains of some tour-

nament in which he had been engaged. Notwithstanding his ferocious appearance, he accosted our traveller in a courteous manner; and, understanding his purpose of visiting Baghdad, offered to conduct him the nearest way to that city. Omrah being naturally affable, accepted this offer, and, joining these two strangers, was agreeably entertained with the singular adventures which the lame tutor recounted.

AT length they arrived at the foot of a mountain, where the road was divided into two paths: one of these was wide, safe, and agreeable, winding along the level plain, so as to form a considerable circuit; the other, dangerous and difficult, ascended the mountain, and, in one place, bordered on the brink of a precipice that overhung the river El-pharat, at that time swelled by the vernal rains. This, as the shortest, was chosen by the lame guide; and Omrah followed his footsteps, even against the dictates of his own judgment; but he was overawed by the fear of appearing pusillanimous in the sight of his conductor. They had made considerable progress, notwithstanding the inconveniencies of the way, when, in passing over the edge of a steep rock, the younger of his two fellow-travellers shook his rattle; the noise of which alarmed an owl, that reposed herself in a small thicket which bordered on the path. Af-
frighted

frighted at the sound, she flapped her wings, and screeching at the same time, darted full in the face of the astonished Omrah, who, starting with surprise, fell over the precipice, and plunged into the waves of the El-pharat. Though he had the reputation of an excellent swimmer, such was the rapidity of the stream as to hurry him more than ten parasangs below the place where he fell : but at length he reached the shore, half dead with terror, fatigue, and vexation : for he had lost his turban, which was adorned with jewels of inestimable value. In this deplorable situation he was found by a peasant, who conveyed him to his cottage, and administered to him with great humanity in the course of a fever, which the agitation of his mind and body had produced.

ONE day while he wandered among the groves of citrons that skirted the river, to inhale the refreshing air, and congratulated himself upon his recovery, his eyes were suddenly dazzled with the apparition of a female, so ravishingly beautiful, that he mistook her for one of the Houri, those immortal daughters of delight, with whom the faithful Moslems solace themselves in Paradise. Her eyes were black, large, and comely, like those of the wanton heifer that crops the yellow flowers in the enamelled meadows of Yerak : her cheeks glowed with the crimson dye of youth, more gorgeous

than the full blown rose that perfumes the gardens of Damascus : her teeth were white, and polished as the sceptre of the khaliph, and regularly set, like the rows of cypress that shade the bazars of Diarbekr : her raven tresses, that flowed adown her shoulders, were interwoven with sprigs of diamonds, which sparkled like the stars of heaven through the sable curtain of the night : her neck was snowy as the flour of Ophra, elegantly turned, smooth, and glossy, like the swans that ride upon the waters of Diglut * : her breasts were seen to rise through a transparent veil, like two marble cupolas in the stately mosque of Bir. In a word, her form was exquisite, and her splendid apparel so contrived as to exhibit every charm to the greatest advantage. She turned her eyes upon Omrah, and her look was accompanied with such a smile as captivated the sense, and kindled in his heart a transport of desire. When she retired, he followed her steps to the purlieus of her habitation, which might be justly termed the Bower of Bliss, so lavishly was it adorned with all the beauties of nature and of art. Here he was checked by reverential awe, afraid of intruding upon the privacy of some voluptuous Genie, who he supposed had fixed her residence in this enchanting spot.

* The River Tigris, so called.

WHILE he stood hesitating between love and apprehension, he was joined by an impetuous youth, with ruddy locks and grey eyes, that glanced like the pearls of Basrah : his nose was aquiline, and his complexion so florid, that his blood seemed ready to burst the vessels in which it was contained. His breath was more scorching than the blast called *samiel*, that smites the traveller even to the marrow ; and his skin felt like the touch of the angel of fire : his robe was stained with the juice of the grape, forbid to the followers of the Prophet : he smelled like the rams of Khurdistan ; and brandished a dagger, that glittered like the *sam samah* of the invincible Haroun al Raschid. He approached Omrah without speaking, and, seizing his hand, conveyed him with the swiftness of lightning to the bower of the beautiful unknown. There he met with such reception as suited his most sanguine wish : the enchantress flew to his embrace, and he took full possession of her charms ; so that for some time his senses were drowned in extasy.

BUT alas ! this transport was of short duration : next morning waking from his trance, he found himself stretched among straw in a wretched solitary hut, abandoned by his inamorata, and robbed of all his pearls. He started up with horror, and, rushing into the open air, perceived that all the gaiety of the landscape

landscape was vanished. Casting his eyes around, he beheld nothing but a dreary waste of brakes and bogs, roughened with some rugged rocks, among which he saw some half-starved goats and monkeys, the emblems of lewdness and obscenity. At length in a dark corner of the cottage he discovered an old hag, lying extended on a mat, and groaning with all the agony of distemper. He approached this miserable object, notwithstanding an almost intolerable stench that annoyed his nostrils ; but she was incapable of conveying the least verbal information. There was hardly any vestige of her nose remaining : her teeth, her palate, and her throat, were half consumed with putrefying sores. What he could not learn from her tongue, he guessed from her condition. Dread and abhorrence winged his flight from this infectious scene. Smiting his breast in a transport of consternation and remorse, " O Allah ! (cried he) is this the fruit of that virtuous education which I imbibed at Bir under the wings of my indulgent parents ! Are these the effects of the sage precepts inculcated on my tender mind by the venerable Abulfaid, whose wisdom diffused a grateful odour, like the gums and spices of Yeman ? Wretched Omrah ! how have thy folly and misconduct disgraced thy family, and brought thee to shame and perdition ? Thou hast obeyed the impulse of the most brutal and dangerous passions !

Thou

Thou hast rushed into the arms of vice, and held guilty dalliance with infamy and disease? Thou art stripped of all thy wealth, derived from inheritance and industry : thy morals are corrupted, and in thy flesh are sown the seeds of pain and putrefaction ! Die, miserable Omrah ! for thou art unworthy to live, or be numbered among the followers of the Prophet." So saying, he pulled from his girdle a poignard which his evil fortune had spared, and, calling upon the angel of the dead, would have buried it in his bosom, had not his hand been suddenly arrested. Thus restrained, he turned about, and found himself withheld by an aged Dervise, whose appearance inspired him with reverence and awe. His eyes were bright and piercing, like those of the eagle of Irak ; but his looks were mild and benign : every feature breathed sensibility ; and the disposition of the whole formed an amiable aspect of sweetness and composure. Age had robbed his forehead of its honours ; but his white beard descended to his middle. He was cloathed in a simple garment of camel's hair ; his feet were defended by sandals of packthread ; and in his hand he held a rosary, according to the custom of the Moslem devotees.

HAVING recited the apothegm of Allah Ackbar, God is good, " Hold, my son (said he), nor meanly give way to the frantic dictates of despair :
remember

remember what thou owest to thyself, thy family, thy country, and thy religion. Consider, the life which thou art rashly going to throw away is not at thy disposal; it is a sacred trust, for which thou art accountable to the great Giver. He it is that placed thee in this sublunary state of probation, to fulfil the wise purposes of Providence; and shalt thou revolt against his decrees, and, like a coward or a traitor, abandon thy post without permission? Wilt thou rush precipitately into the presence of the offended Allah? Wilt thou presume to mingle with the pure spirits of the faithful, stained as thou must be with the dreadful guilt of suicide? Thy country demands that life which thou hast no right to take away. In withdrawing thyself from the land of the living, thou robbest thy Prince of a subject; thou robbest the community of those talents which were bestowed upon thee for the use and benefit of thy fellow-citizens; and thou entailest disgrace upon the family which gave thee being. Wilt thou then plunge into eternity, with such complicated horrors on thy head? Ah! no. Let it not be said, that the seed of a believing Mussulman, trained up in the true faith of the ever-blessed Prophet, and admitted to kiss the sacred threshold of the Caabah, should bring forth such bitter fruit of wickedness and woe."

EVER Y

EVERY word which the senior spoke, seemed to penetrate to the heart of Omrah ; the poignard dropped from his hand ; the agitation of his mind subsided ; his looks softened into the expression of penitential sorrow ; and his cheeks were bedewed with the tears of contrition. He fell on his knees before the reverend Dervise, and grasping his hand, “ Father (cried he), I submit to the irresistible force of your reason. You have taught me to acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence : pity an hapless young man, far removed from the advice and assistance of his friends, misled by the passions of youth, persecuted by misfortune, and betrayed by iniquity. You have saved me from the commission of a crime, the remembrance of which fills me with horror. Extend your charity still farther, and aid me with your salutary counsel, more precious than the fragrant gums of Hayaman ; counsel flowing from the sacred springs of study and experience.”

AFTER this preamble, he recounted the disasters which had befallen him, and described the snares into which he had fallen. The Dervise, having listened to his tale with the most humane complacency, undertook the office of comforter, bade him be of good cheer, and thank heaven for the dangers he had escaped. He observed, that adversity was the most useful school of life : he demonstrated the
infig-

insignificance and fugitive nature of wealth : he reminded him of his youth, vigour and qualifications, and unfolded a variety of fair prospects for the exertion of his industry and perseverance ; he promised to secure his constitution by means of an antidote, the juice of a certain herb which grows upon the mountains of Kurdo, lately discovered by the khaliph's physician Gabriel, the son of Bakh-tisou, an heretic of the superstition of the Jesides : finally, he invited him to his hermitage in the neighbourhood, whither he was accompanied by the grateful Omrah.

EVERY word that flowed from the mouth of the Dervise was pointed with wisdom, or smoothed with humanity. His conversation stole imperceptibly into the heart of Omrah, and his demeanour inspired him with reverence and affection. He was commodiously lodged in the hermitage, and treated with parental care, undebauched by vitious tenderness ; for he found himself restricted to the food of temperance and frugality, while his host administered to him the promised antidote, which in a little time destroyed the seeds of that poison which had begun to germinate in his constitution. It was a much more difficult task to purify his mind, and eradicate those bad habits which youth and passion had engendered : this, however, the Dervise did not decline, as he perceived

ceived in his pupil a remarkable sensibility of heart, together with an uncommon acuteness and ductility of understanding. His vanity and pride were already mortified by the disasters he had undergone : but that mortification was the effect of disappointment ; and those passions would, in all probability, have revived in proportion as the sense of calamity abated, if the Dervise had not taken a more effectual method to subdue them with the arms of reason and philosophy. He made a fair estimate of all the young man's accomplishments, balanced them with his defects, and shewed how the latter scale preponderated. He proved, that, in point of personal qualification, he was equalled, if not excelled, by many of his cotemporaries : that he was rivalled in beauty by the physician Gabriel, the son of Bakhtisou : that he could not throw the javelin like Musa Ebn Isa, the præfect of Egypt ; nor manage the steed like Moslema Ebn Yahya, who had been trained up with the khaliph ; nor run the tilt like Amru Ebn Mahran, who won the prize in the famous tournament held at Gezirah, built on an Island of Diglut. He observed, that Omrah could not be more loyal than Yahya Ebn Khalid Ebn Baramack ; nor more liberal than his son Giafar, the first favourite of the empire, on whom the khaliph bestowed his own sister in marriage ; nor more brave than this favourite's

favourite's brother, Fadl, who extinguished the rebellion of Yahya Ebn Abdallah. Such were the qualities of the celebrated house of Baramack. He convinced him, that in point of genius and knowledge, he could not be compared to many of the khaliph's slaves : that in poetry he was infinitely surpassed by Abounaovas, who composed the famous stanza upon the verse sent by one of the Queen's damsels to Haroun al Raschid : that in piety he fell far short of Ebn Adhem, who, in a vision, saw the angel writing his name among those who sincerely loved their Creator : that in medicine he was ignorant, in comparison of the Christian Gabriel and the Indian Mangheh ; which last was said to have the hand of Moses and the breath of Messiah : that in metaphysics he was eclipsed by Aboufaid Afami, who wrote the famous treatise on the sublime doctrines of the soul, intituled, Fahouat-u al naderat ; and that he was a child in philosophy and jurisprudence, when compared to Morabek and Bahaloul. Finally, he reminded our youth of the distressful circumstances to which he was reduced by the loss of his turban, and the treachery of her with whom he had held vicious dalliance.

By these and other such wise remonstrances, the disposition of Omrah was entirely changed. He began to look upon himself with that contempt and diffidence,

fidence, which lay the foundations of wisdom. His heart, which pride had hardened, was now melted by humanity, and overflowed with all the tenderness of benevolence : all the vain projects of his early youth vanished, like the phantoms of a morning dream : he obtained an absolute victory over his most unruly passions ; and now retained no ambition but that of distinguishing himself among his fellow-creatures by his superior sagacity and virtue. In these sentiments, he listened with the most eager attention to the instructions of the Dervise, who was not only consummate master of all the philosophy and learning of the East, but likewise skilled in the policy of nations, the customs and manners of mankind, and intimately acquainted with all the springs that move the human mind. His knowledge was so universal, and his virtue so sublime, that Omrah believed him a supernatural being, and could hardly refrain from worship and adoration. He did not fail, however, to make advantage of the precious moments which the opportunity offered. He carefully treasured up the lessons of his tutor, and, in one annual revolution of the sun, his mind was so well stored with wisdom and erudition, that the Dervise pronounced him qualified as a professor in the famous college at Madrasah al Mostan Seriah, which the khaliph had lately established in the city of Baghdad.

dad. Nevertheless, Omrah was not yet satisfied with the proficiency he had made, and resolved to pass another year in the prosecution of his studies, within the bosom of this charming retreat, when his resolution was frustrated by an unexpected event. From the aga of the caravan of Bir, which passed near the skirts of the hermitage, he learned that the venerable Abulfaid had paid his debt to nature; and that his mother, the virtuous Kadisha, mourned, without ceasing, the death of her husband, and the absence of her son, of whom she had heard no tidings since his departure.

OMRAH's filial tenderness was waked by this intelligence. Having paid the tribute of tears to the memory of his father, he consulted the Dervise with respect to his future conduct, and was exhorted to return to Bir, and settle the affairs of his family. Being enriched with other salutary advice, he took leave of his kind preceptor, joined the caravan, arrived at Bir, comforted his mother, and found himself heir to a considerable fortune. Mindful of the Dervise's injunctions, he converted his estate into jewels, and set out the nearest road for Baghdad, determined to devote his talents to the service of his country. He again departed with the caravan for Moussul, which was chiefly loaded with dyed goat-skins, linen and cotton ;
and

and on the plains of Orfa had an opportunity of signalizing his valour in an engagement with a body of Curdes and Tartars, who attacked the escorte, and were routed after a severe action, in which Omrah slew with his own hand one of the fiercest Scheicks of the enemy. They passed over the verdant hills of Hojasor, covered with sheep, and through the vales of Murdin, shaded with the date, the fig, and the pomegranate : then making a circuit round the mountains of Balad, they visited the ancient city of Nisibin, watered by the delightful stream of Hermas. Having crossed the stately bridge of Nisibin, they for five days travelled through the parched and desert country of Sinjar, before they reached the spacious city of Moussul, seated on the pleasant banks of the Diglut.

EVEN the delicious melons which this territory affords, and the curiosities with which the place abounds, could not, in the opinion of Omrah, make atonement for the excessive heat that reigns here in the summer : he therefore quitted it with the first opportunity, and prosecuting his journey by the way of Karkak, arrived in safety at the Imperial city of Baghdad, the centre of terrestrial paradise, and the pearl of human greatness.

IT was in the night al Kadr, denominated of divine decree, in the month Ramadan, that Omrah

rah entered the western city, called Kafr, and was struck dumb with astonishment and admiration at sight of the Dar al Khalifa, or palace of the immortal Haroun al Raschid, who sat enthroned above the Princes of the nations, in a blaze of splendor that dazzled the eyes, and confounded the pride, of all beholders.

OMRAH prostrated himself in a transport of wonder and delight, and found himself irresistibly attracted by an eager desire to be received among the servants of the invincible khaliph. He spent the first days after his arrival in surveying the mosques, the bazars, the palaces, gardens, and canals of this magnificent city : then he consulted the khaliph's jeweller, to whom he had been recommended by one of his kinsmen at Bir.

THIS person, whose name was Ali Ebn Azrah, conducted him to a field on the farther side of the Diglut ; where he perceived, on the summit of a very high mountain, seemingly inaccessible, a temple that shone like adamant. " Behold, said Ali, the hill of Akoba, and *Castle of Distinction*, which every man must reach before he can obtain the favour of the khaliph. The attempt is attended with imminent danger ; and incredible labour, as well as skill, must be exerted by him who climbs the precipice, treads the burning sands, passes

passes through the almost impenetrable brake, and discomfits the formidable guards that hover about the skirts of the fortress."

THE peril and difficulties annexed to this enterprise, served only to inflame the ambition of Omrah, who would have begun the ascent without hesitation, had he not been assured by Ali, that each adventurer was permitted to chuse two guides from a multitude of personages who constantly plied at the foot of the hill, on purpose to be employed. Of these he selected the first that engaged his attention. This was a florid youth, with an insinuating look and ever-dimpling smile, that played upon his visage like the circling eddies that sportive whirl upon the transparent stream of Belikah. He was tall, straight, and vigorous; strong as the Camel of Halab, and nimble as al Jerbua of the desert. His robe was covered with the most luxuriant designs of embroidery: in his left hand he held a vial, cased in filigrane of gold; and in his right a picture of the castle, drawn with such exquisite art as to fascinate the eyes of the spectator. This he no sooner presented to the view of Omrah, than our youth was seized with an extasy of impatience to atchieve the adventure; for the painter had not only represented all the beauties and elegancies of the temple with the most

VOL. I. C flatterring

flattering exaggeration, but also exhibited Hazima, the caliph's treasurer, sitting on a throne before the portal, distributing, with a liberal hand, preferment, honours, and rewards, to the happy few who reached the area of the castle. The other guide whom Omrah chose, formed a remarkable contrast with the former. He seemed to be turned of fifty, thick, squat, and broad-shouldered; clothed in a plain garment, girded about his loins with ropes called *yves*, used by the porters of Baghdad. His features were contracted not so much by age as by a continued severity of attention; and his eyes gleamed from under his wrinkled forehead, like two unpolished carbuncles shining through the rugged cliffs of Araban. He examined our youth with the most minute and curious survey; then buckled on his head a helmet of cork, and taking in his hand a long pole, with an iron hook at one end, walked with a firm and deliberate pace behind Omrah, who eagerly followed the footsteps of his youthful conductor. He was already almost fainting with fatigue when he had surmounted one precipice, and saw another above him much more high, and almost perpendicular. His heart began to fail at this prospect, when the junior held up the picture before his eyes, and at the same time presented the vial, exhorting him to swallow a mouthful of that incomparable cordial.

cordial. He complied with this advice, and found it more delicious than the sherbet of Ophra, compounded for the haram of the khaliph. His spirits were not only instantaneously refreshed, but his heart was inspired with such confidence as he had never felt before, and his looks were lighted up with a transport of courage and ambition. The triumvirate now stood upon the projection of a rock about six feet square; and the younger of his guides, having pocketed his picture and vial, began to climb the steep rock, which in some measure over-hung this resting-place. He had already fixed his right hand on the brink of the summit, when the senior suddenly seizing Omrah, threw him flat on the ground in an instant, and, extending himself upon his body, pressed him to the rock with irresistible force.

OUR adventurer had not time to expostulate on this seeming outrage. The first object he perceived was his youthful conductor tumbling down from the summit, in such a direction, that, if the senior had not committed this violence, he must have struck him in his fall, and dashed him in pieces among the rocks which they had already ascended.

THE part of the summit on which the guide had laid hold was a loose fragment, that separated from

the rock, and pitched upon the helmet of the elder guide, from whence it rebounded harmless, and fell at a considerable distance from the foot of the precipice.

OMRAH, in the midst of his acknowledgments to his sage preserver, could not help lamenting the loss of his other attendant, when the old man bade him cast his eyes below, where he saw him limping off the field, in all appearance very little damaged by his fall, though he did not attempt to re-ascend the rock to the assistance of his pupil.

THE remaining guide, having observed the precipice above with great attention, unbound his ypes; one end of which he tied round the middle of Omrah, keeping the other fast about his own body; then fixing the hook of his pole upon the trunk of a wild ash, which grew from a cleft in the rock, he drew himself up, and afterwards, by means of the rope, dragged Omrah into the same hollow. This operation being repeated, they both reached the summit in safety; and our adventurer looked back upon the dangers he had undergone with a mingled transport of joy and horror. Nor was the prospect before him much more comfortable. He found himself obliged to pass over a long tract of loose burning sand, like that of the desert of Barkha; at the farther end of which he
perceived

perceived a thick and seemingly impassable brake of thorns, briars, and brambles ; but he saw neither grove nor caravanera for refreshment or repose, nor the least sign of water to quench his thirst, which was already become almost intolerable. He would now have desisted from his pursuit, but there was an impossibility of retreating, and his guide told him, that his safety and success depended entirely upon his perseverance. He resolved, therefore, to redouble all his efforts ; and his companion accommodating him with an occasional umbrella made of the palmetto-leaf, fixed to the end of his pole, he proceeded through the blasted plain with astonishing vigour : but when at length he approached the brake, weary, faint, and exhausted ; when he saw how thick the thorns were set, and how the briars and brambles were entangled together ; when he viewed the numerous and dreadful adversaries whom he had to encounter, on the space between this boundary and the draw-bridge ; he was abandoned by his constancy and courage ; his heart died within him ; and he declared he would lie down and perish among the scorching sand, rather than encounter such insurmountable toils, or engage with such an host of terrors. His attendant, seeing him overwhelmed with despair, sought not to animate him to new endeavours. His province was not to stimulate and encourage,

encourage, but to foresee danger and prevent accident. He lifted the youth upon his back, with as much ease as if he had been a child new born ; and carrying him to the left, about the length of one parasang, arrived at the brink of a rapid stream, which Omrah beheld with a transport of joy : but this was instantly damped, when he heard his conductor exclaim, " These be the waters of Disappointment, too bitter to regale thy palate ; though, perhaps they may serve to extinguish thy ambition." So saying, he clasped the youth in his arms, and plunged into the torrent, which was equally deep and impetuous.

THE force with which Omrah was precipitated from the bank of the river, sunk them both to the bottom, where the senior disappeared, after having, by a kind of magical conveyance, fixed the helmet of cork upon the head of his pupil. Thus buoyed, the youth soon rose to the surface, when he found himself dashed to and fro among various rocks and contending currents ; and in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, was obliged to swallow large draughts of the water, which was ten times more unpalatable than the ashes of the kali, or the salt of Ammon, crystallized from the urine of Hegen among the scorching sand of the desert. All his efforts to reach the shore would have

have been ineffectual, had he not been accommodated with the helmet, which not only defended his head from violence, but rendered his body specifically lighter than the fluid in which he floated. When his strength failed, he recommended his soul to Allah and the prophet, and resigned himself to the violence of the stream, which tilting him over a cascade, lost all its fury in a spreading pool below. Here he recollected his thoughts, and by a small exertion of his strength and skill in swimming, arrived at the dry land. Nevertheless he was so much exhausted by the fatigue and terror he had undergone, that he swooned upon the bank; and when he recovered the use of his senses, found himself in a very dangerous situation. He was surrounded by a body of armed Curdes on horseback. A lance was held to his throat by a female warrior, who stood over him in the attitude of striking, holding in her left hand his scarf and scymetar, which she had unbound from his side; and one of her attendants had taken possession of his helmet.

WHEN he looked up and saw this Amazon, he thought it was a vision of the brain, with which he resolved to regale his fancy. On the crown of her head arose the Botta, adorned with jewels like the tiara of Irak; and her long black hair, tied

together with a filken fillet, flowed down in natural ringlets to the middle of her back, floating and fluctuating on the wanton wind. Her shoulder was graced with an embossed quiver, plentifully supplied with arrows ; and on the same side was slung a bow tipped with ivory, and studded with precious stones. Her upper garment was faced with ermin, wide, short, and open, displaying the under stole of rich Persian, bound about her middle with a scarf of Damascus, but parting at the knee so as to disclose her delicate limbs cased in embroidered buskins. Her face was beautiful as the idea that true Moslems have of the Carubun and Sajeduh, angels that adore the Most High in the seventh heaven ; and her eyes lightened like the precious stone of Hafala, which the prophet saw in the vision Borak. Though her posture was menacing, her looks were benign ; and through the resentment that glowed on her visage, there shone such an emanation of softness and complacency, that the first emotion of Omrah was not fear, but admiration and love. “ Hapless wretch ! (cried she in a tone sweet as the murmurs of al Cawthur, the fountains that warble as they flow from under the tree Sedrut) recommend thyself to the faithful of God, the angel of death that presides over seventy thousand, who is now ready to blot thy detested name from the book of life.—

Thou

Thou hast slain the young prince of the Curdes; my betrothed lord; these be the trophies of thy cruel victory. This scarf I wove with my own fingers, sitting in my bower, by one of the springs of Amada on the mountain." "Fair princess (replied the youth), cruelty and injustice cannot lurk under such an aspect of innocence and humanity. My heart is more endangered by the shafts of your beauty, than by the point of your lance. The scarf you have recognized was fairly won in battle, from a person who attacked me without provocation. Nevertheless, if it has been my misfortune unwillingly to incur the displeasure of such perfection, execute your threats. I will gladly die by your avenging hand; but I cannot live the object of your resentment."

AT these words her cheeks were overspread with a deep suffusion; she withdrew her lance, saying, "I will not stain myself with thy blood; thou shalt be reserved for the justice of my sovereign, whose camp is pitched in the recess of a deep valley to the northward of yonder shaggy mountain." He was accordingly fettered by her retinue, and mounted behind one of the horsemen, with whom she forthwith set out on her return from the excursion she had made. They were benighted in a thick wood, where they pitched occasional tents,

in one of which Omrah was secured under a strong guard. At midnight, while he ruminated on his hard fate, his lovely enslaver on a sudden stood before him, her eyes streaming with tears. "Stranger (cried she), this is no time for disssembling ; thou hast made an impression on my heart. Far from dragging thee before the footstool of Amru, who would devote thee to instant death for the murder of his son, I will instantly set thee free, and am almost tempted to follow thy fortune. Here, take thy scymetar, and wear the scarf for my sake ! Thou art more worthy than its former possessor, the most brutal of all the Scheicks in Curdistan. Two horsemen, whom I have selected for the purpose, wait without to conduct thee beyond the farthest extent of our hostile inroads upon Yeman. Arise without delay, and profit by this precious opportunity ; which if once lost, will never be retrieved." Omrah's whole soul was dissolved in tenderness by this unexpected address. He prostrated himself before her, and declared in the most passionate strain, that he should have more joy in dying at her feet, than in tasting the greatest favours that fortune could bestow without her presence and participation. "You must not die (she hastily exclaimed) : such an event would prove fatal to her whom you pretend to love. Know, that although I live among these
barbarous

barbarous tribes, I am not by birth a Curde : recommend me to thy Prophet, whom I also adore : away, and remember the unfortunate Fatima." So saying, she made a signal, in consequence of which the two horsemen entered the tent, seized our youth by the arms, and conveying him to the door, lifted him up on a beautiful steed gaily caparisoned. They mounted their horses at the same time, and one of them taking hold of the reins of his bridle, they proceeded in silence, the heart of Omrah being overwhelmed with grief, anxiety, and confusion.

AFTER having traversed several thickets, marshes, and mountains, they found themselves in the morning on the skirts of an extensive plain ; when one of the two conductors quitting the bridle of Omrah's horse, pointed with his finger to the East ; and the youth, casting his eyes that way, discerned the towers and minarets of Baghdad : then the Curdes, laying the finger to the lip, as a signal to enjoin silence, turned about their horses, and rode off at full speed, leaving the son of Abulfaid to prosecute his reflections on the strange vicissitudes of his fortune. It was not without the utmost perplexity that he revolved a variety of thoughts, in which the amiable Fatima still maintained the ascendancy she had so surprisingly acquired.

acquired. Her beauteous image was still present to his fancy, and her last words still sounded in his ears : " Remember the unfortunate Fatima ! " Sometimes he was tempted to return and regale himself with another sight of her, though at the certain expence of his life. Sometimes he was fired with the hope of giving such information to the khaliph, as would induce him to send a body of troops to intercept the Curdes in their retreat : the first, upon recollection, appeared to be a scheme suggested by madness ; the other he foresaw would be impracticable. At length he resolved to retire from the hurry of courts and cities, and cultivate the virtues of private life in some quiet retreat. The very spot over which he now travelled, seemed remarkably adapted by nature for the scene of his retirement. It was a delightful plain, waved into a number of agreeable swells, tufted with groves, and watered with transparent streamlets. Besides, it could not be far distant from the recesses haunted by the Curdes, among whom his Fatima resided ; and he was flattered with the hope of one day reviewing the idol of his soul. Stimulated by these considerations, he withdrew his effects from the hands of the jeweller Ali Ebn Azrah ; agreed with the Emir of the province about the purchase of the land upon which he had pitched for a settlement ; reared up an house with surprising expedition ;
stocked

stocked his ground with cattle of all sorts ; bought a number of slaves, and parcelled out the ground into corn fields, pastures, and plantations. Providence crowned his endeavours with success. Yellow harvests waved on every side : his flocks and herds multiplied with amazing increase : his gardens and orchards glowed with the most delicious fruits ; the citron, the melon, the pomegranate, the peach, and the nectarine. His fleeces rivalled the finest wool of Curdistan : and, even before the first year of his rusticity was elapsed, he sent a large quantity of raw silks and camels hair to the bazars of Baghdad. His extensive œconomy required a great many hands, and fed a considerable number of dependants : his herdsmen, peasants, and slaves, partook and rejoiced in his good fortune. All his fellow-creatures were welcome to his advice and assistance ; and his hand was ever ready to relieve the necessitous. In a word, his name was diffused like a Sabæan odour, and every hill and valley resounded with strains that were poured forth in praise of Omrah, whom they compared to the patriarch Al Ma'mur, father of the faithful.

In the midst of all these enjoyments, which must have been exquisitely felt by a person of Omrah's generous disposition, he still retained the

the idea of the fair Fatima, though it no longer excited painful sensations, but rather a tender remembrance, which he cherished with a kind of melancholy self-indulgence. Two years had happily rolled over his head in this pacific state of rural sequestration, when one evening, standing in his porch to enjoy the cooling breeze, he lifted up his eyes, and beheld his friend the Dervise advancing towards his habitation. He ran forth to meet his worthy preceptor, and, falling on his neck, wept aloud in a transport of joy. Then he led him by the hand into his Divan, and welcomed his arrival with such overflowing of gratitude, as might be expected from the benevolent heart of Omrah. When the sage had refreshed and reposed himself, his kind host recounted all the particulars of his fate since their last parting, explained the nature of his present situation, and concluded by declaring himself the happiest of men.

THE Dervise attentively listened to his discourse, but did not seem to enter into his raptures. On the contrary, assuming a severity of aspect, "Such (said he) are the avocations allotted for those whom nature hath formed with moderate intellects, to move within the shade of life ; but her extraordinary talents are bestowed for other purposes of
a higher

a higher order ; to improve the necessary arts, devise laws, extend commerce, conduct armies, assist in moving the machine of government, and contrive patriot plans for the benefit of society. Believe me, son, this retreat is criminal : Providence hath designed you for the service of the public. I blush to think you have been so easily discouraged from the honourable pursuit in which you was engaged. You must forthwith quit this favourite privacy, and relinquish these pleasures, which serve only to enervate the faculties of the soul. To-morrow I will lead you back to the hill of Akaba, which you shall ascend by an avenue opposite to that which you have attempted in vain ; and, before we part, you shall be supplied with such armour as will ensure success." These words acted like a charm upon the heart of Omrah, in which all the ideas of ambition revived. He desired he might be led forthwith to the trial ; and the Dervise, unwilling to baulk his inclination, set out with him upon his journey by moon-light.

THE sun had not yet gilded the hemisphere, when they arrived at the foot of the mountain. The ascent, though steep, was not of itself very dangerous : the castle appeared distinct to the eye ; and a great number of individuals were seen climbing towards it with the utmost eagerness and industry :

industry : but every minute was fatal to one or other of these adventurers, who were opposed and attacked by irregular bands of formidable ruffians, that overspread the greater part of the hill from top to bottom, having nothing else in view but the ruin of those they encountered. As often as their weapons took effect, the unhappy sufferer lost his footing, and rolled down with incredible velocity into a dark and dismal gulph below, in which he sunk never to rise again. In order to defend Omrah from the assault of these hideous freebooters, the Dervise cased him in a coat of mail so exquisitely tempered, that neither lance nor arrow, scymetar nor mace, could make the least impression upon its surface. At the same time he armed him with a two-edged sword, so sharp and shining, that no mortal substance could resist its edge, and no eye endure its splendour.

THUS armed, he embraced his counsellor, and sprang forwards with a look of confidence and alacrity. The first insult he received was from his former fellow-travellers, the tall changeling and his lame tutor, who now occupied the lower part of the declivity. They exhibited no signs of recognition at sight of their old acquaintance, but ran towards him with hostile intent. The tutor striking at him with his scymetar missed his aim, and

and the weapon descended upon his own toe, which it severed from the joint. The junior brandished his pole to as little purpose; for it swung harmless over the head of Omrah, who nevertheless found himself not a little disconcerted by the sound of the cursed rattle, which had once been to him so productive of mischief and misfortune.

HAVING safely passed these associates, he was next encountered by a figure of a hideous aspect, meagre, wan, and yellow; with a squinting blood shot eye, and deep indented frown, betokening a gloomy mixture of doubt, anxiety, and rage but ill suppressed. His left hand held a halter, and his right was laid upon the pommel of his sword, while he advanced in a menacing posture, attended by an assassin with a dagger and dark lanthorn, and a maniac in his paroxysm of frenzy, clanking his chains, and gnashing his teeth. Their appearance was very dreadful; but their threats they did not endeavour to execute. The foremost of the three stopped short at a small distance from Omrah; and waving with his hand to restrain his followers, contented himself with eyeing the youth earnestly as he passed.

THE third groupe was headed by an old hoary hag, naked to the middle: her skin was tawny, loose, and wrinkled: her cheek-bones projected

projected outwards, and helped to form an hollow pit for her eyes, which were scarce visible ; her mouth, extended from ear to ear, was furnished with teeth as sharp as needles ; and these she always disclosed like a dog that snarls. Her scalding tears had fretted deep channels on her face, which was a lively expression of rancour and anguish. Her bloated dugs, that hung down to her waist, were sore and cankered ; yielding, instead of milk, a constant distillation of poison, which tortured her so severely, that she shrieked aloud at every drop that fell from the nipple. This was carefully collected by some of her attendants in two earthen cups, in which they dipped the arrows they shot at her command. In her hands she held two living snakes, that twined round her arms, and seemed to exasperate her torments with the most hideous hissing. Her troop consisted of a motley crew, as different in their garb as various in their occupations. One tainted the air by diffusing his envenomed breath in whispers, shaking the head, shrugging the shoulders, pointing with the finger, and practising a thousand antic gesticulations. Another with inflated cheeks, and hoarse discordant voice, poured forth a torrent of obloquy, and from a basket slung before him, pelted our youth with balls of filth and ordure. A third rushed forward in the garb of a juggler, with a grinning mask upon

upon his face, an ostrich feather in his right hand, and in his left a pair of asses ears, which he endeavoured to fix upon the head of Omrah. He seemed to have no language of his own; but counterfeited a vast variety of sounds peculiar to different animals. He mewed like a cat, roared like a lion, lowed like a camel, and howled like a dog: but he performed no part so naturally, as that of braying like an ass. He laughed and whimpered, scolded and sung, danced like a Marabout, and halted like a cripple. He practised a thousand ludicrous postures, and attempted to tickle the throat of Omrah with his feather: but the youth, with his sword in the scabbard, kept him still at a distance. He had much more to apprehend from the archers of this infernal band, who stood behind their fellows, and plied him with their poisoned arrows from every quarter. Nothing could have saved him from the points of these missiles, but the mail he had received from the Dervise, in consequence of which he persevered in his ascent.

THE last antagonist that took the field against him, appeared in the habit of an Iman, huge in stature, grave, sleek, and solemn; with a fixed unmeaning eye, and an air of supercilious contempt. A large owl perched on each shoulder; and he grasped with both hands a leaden mace, which he raised

raised against our adventurer, while the two birds of Athens flapped their wings, and screeched with horrid utterance. Omrah was discomposed at sight of this gigantic adversary stalking towards him with uplifted arm, and deliberated with himself whether he should remain on the defensive, or prepare for battle. He had not yet determined, when his enemy directing a blow with all his force, the youth nimbly slipped aside, and the momentum of the stroke brought the unwieldy Iman to the ground. The hill being steep in this place, he rolled down ten paces, until he was stopped by a kind of natural terrace; where he lay in a disgraceful attitude, with his posteriors exposed to the derision of all passengers.

OMRAH had now passed unhurt through all hostilities, and ascended to the summit of the hill, when he perceived the castle surrounded with a wall of ice, the cold emanations of which began to pierce him to the marrow. Casting his eyes around, he beheld the ground strewn with the bodies of those, who, after having surmounted all the other dangers and difficulties of the hill, had been frozen by the influence of this icy mound; and, in order to avoid the same fate, he hastened to his last resource. He already began to feel his blood creeping slow; and his teeth chattered in
his

his head, before he could unsheath the enchanted sword of Merit: but this no sooner gleamed upon the battlements, than they melted like snow beneath the noon-day sun; and he entered in triumph through the breach it had made.

WITHIN the court he beheld Hazima on his throne; and the lustre of the sword having flashed in the eyes of that minister, he beckoned Omrah towards him with a gracious smile. "Son (said he), you have gloriously passed your probation: and now it is my duty to reward your virtue." So saying, he seated him at his right hand: and the place of his chief secretary being vacant, he was forthwith invested with that office. Next day, Hazima presented him to the khaliph; and, in a few months, he insinuated himself into the favour of that mighty emperor.

FORTUNE had now recompensed him for all his sufferings; but it was not in her power to intoxicate his fancy, or in the least impair the virtues of his heart; which seemed to increase in proportion to the means he had of exercising them. Wealth flowed in upon him from every quarter; and this he again discharged in a thousand different channels, planned by his sagacity, and filled by his benevolence.

PASSING

PASSING one night through a bazar near the gate El Maazan, he perceived a number of slaves, chained together, standing for sale; and among the rest, a tall female, covered with a veil; which he lifted up in order to gratify his curiosity: but what were the emotions of his heart, when he beheld the features of his adorable Fatima! He was struck dumb with a transport of joyful surprise; while the same passions operated in her tender bosom with nearly the same effect. "Have I then found thee (cried he), thou inestimable jewel of my heart? Now shall my happiness be pure without alloy." At this address, her eyes lightened with pleasure; while she pronounced these words: "Allah be praised, that I once more behold thee unchanged in sentiment and affection! I have never smiled since our last parting; but sighed incessantly, and made continual excursions in hopes of seeing thee again.—Providence has blessed my endeavours. I and these my attendants were yesterday surrounded and taken by a body of the khaliph's gingulile, who have brought us hither for sale: and Allah, no doubt, sent thee hither for our relief,"

OMRAH instantly paid the purchase for Fatima and her companions; and conducted them in person to his own house, where his mistress was

was treated with all the delicacy of the most respectful love. As their hearts were mutually warmed with the most tender affection, he resolved to be joined to her by the solemn nuptial vow; and communicated his design to his patron Hazima, who expressed a desire of seeing this amiable captive. The request was not altogether suitable to the Moslem customs; nevertheless, it was granted by Omrah, in consideration of Hazima's age and character. After supper, Fatima made her appearance; and the old treasurer was confounded at her beauty. She was gorgeously arrayed for the occasion; and, among other ornaments, wore on her right arm a remarkable bracelet, decked with the precious stones called turquoises. Hazima, having eyed this jewel and the wearer by turns, with the most eager attention, suddenly started up, the tears running over his snowy beard, and exclaimed in the utmost agitation, "Holy prophet! is not this Abbassah, the darling child of my old age, who was stolen by a party of Curdes in her infancy from my summer residence in the neighbourhood of Carufara? Look, if that bracelet contains not a portion of hair, with the cypher of her mother, the fair Fadlrouah."

AT

AT this exclamation, Omrah stood motionless, fixed in amazement and expectation: but Fatima, flushed with strong emotion, instantly unbound the bracelet, and presented it on her knee to the treasurer; who, having recognized the cypher, clasped her in his arms, and cried, "She is—she is my long-lost Abbassiah." With the streams that bedewed his face she mingled the tears of joy and filial affection, even while her heart was too big for utterance.

OMRAH did not see this scene unmoved. His joy was dashed with apprehension, and he kneeled in anxious suspense before the knees of Hazima, who now, recollecting himself, took his daughter by the hand, and delivered it to her enraptured lover. He received her as the best gift of Providence, and kissed in acknowledgement the hem of Hazima's garment. The day was appointed for their spousals, which were solemnized with great magnificence; and Omrah lived to be distinguished by the epithet of "The Happy Moslem."

E S S A Y III.

IN that district of Greenland on the western coast distinguished by the name of Amaralek, lived two remarkable personages, called SIBBERSIK and IGLUKA; the former deemed the most accomplished youth that ever worshipped the great *Torngarsuk on this side of the insurmountable icy ridge that runs across the country, whether in twanging the elastic bow of Tenal, launching the dart, hurling the harpoon, paddling the canoe, or diving under water to scoop the blubber from the back of the expiring whale; and she universally allowed to excel all the nymphs of Greenland in beauty and rare qualifications, as much as the moon excels the aurora borealis in light and splendor. She was daughter and sole heiress of the †Angekuk Ajokarsorpok, one of the wealthiest of all the Greenland patriarchs. He possessed

* Torngarsuk is a mischievous deity worshipped by the Greenlanders.

† Angekuk is the heads of the clergy, the lawgivers, the nobles, and the prophets of Greenland.

two kone boats, five canoes, three huge piles of wood for rafts poles boards and fewel, seven chests of brass copper and tin utensils, purchased from the * Kublunæts, a spacious winter cabin, a magnificent summer tent, and a vast magazine well filled with blubber, whalebone, morse teeth, unicorns horns, the skins of fox, seal, and rein-deer.

HIS darling Igluka had been bred up in the utmost tenderness and elegance. Her shift appeared white and transparent, being formed of the maw of holibut: her waistcoat was of the softest faun-skin, trimmed with white by her own fair hands: the skin of the rein-deer supplied her with an upper garment and hood; and her breeches and boots were formed of a dressed seal-skin, soft smooth and pliant. This was her ordinary dress: but on festivals she wore a magnificent robe of bird's skin, adorned with variegated feathers, and bracelets set with pearls. Her locks, that emulated the raven's back, were nicely braided: her glossy neck was hung round with beads of glass and coral. Her eyes glanced like the three stars in the belt of Sicktut †. Her teeth, in whiteness, rivalled the snow that covers the moun-

* Kublunæts, the name given to the Dares by the Greenlanders.

† Sicktut is the appellation by which the Greenlanders distinguish the constellation Orion.

tains of Nepset; and she smelled so sweet of virgin water, that she never went forth without receiving the salutation Niviarfiarfuanerks *. She reposed upon beds of eider-down; and was every day carefully anointed with the fat of the whale's belly. She fed upon the eggs of sea-fowl gathered among the cliffs, upon the rogn-fish; the tail of young whales delicately sauced with train-oil; the flesh of sea-calves; the raspings of seal-skin made into pancakes; the ingesta and chawdron of the rein-deer; the entrails of the rype or partridge dressed with blubber; and, by way of dessert, the sea-weed and the root called tugloronet, sliced and fried with train-oil.

A YOUNG lady of such expectations, nursed with indulgence, and trained up in the midst of such delicacies, could not but be inspired with the most refined sentiments, and so animated by the pride of birth, as well as by the consciousness of her own beauty and accomplishments, as to look down with contempt upon the generality of those youths who aspired to her good graces. Indeed it was universally believed, that she would choose to lead a life of celibacy rather than bestow herself in marriage upon any indivi-

* Niviarfiarfuanerks signifies, "how she smells like a virgin!" and is applied to those who sprinkle themselves with their own water.

dual of Amaralek: but fate had otherwise ordained in favour of the gallant Sibbersik, who was not only rich in the goods of fortune, but also excelled all his cotemporaries in beauty, courage, and agility, as well as in the gifts of the understanding. He had slain a mighty bear in single combat, and in winter wore the skin across his shoulders, as a trophy of his victory. He had once ventured to assault the dreadful sea monster Hafgufa *, and was the first who had ever escaped with life from such a rencounter. He had often dived beneath the ice, in pursuit of seals and morfes; and in the most dreadful tempests put to sea in his slender canoe of bended sticks covered with skins. His dart and harpoon flew unerring to the mark; and his arrows never missed the sea-mew upon the cliff, or the rein-deer on the mountain. He never failed to win the prize at foot-ball, catch-ball, wrestling and dancing; and far outshone all his companions in the poetical contests of alternate satire, practised at public festivals among the swains of Greenland †.

THE fair Igluka could not be insensible to all these perfections. She took pleasure in seeing him

* Hafgufa is supposed to be a spirit that appears at sea to the Greenlanders, in many different hideous forms.

† The youths of Greenland actually contend in this manner, like the ancient swains of Arcadia.

perform all his feats of strength and activity; and always rewarded him for the victory he had obtained, sometimes with a smile and sometimes with a present. After a severe trial of wrestling, she once refreshed him with a draught of train-oil; at another time she presented him with a spring coat of seal-skin, cut and sewed by her own delicate fingers; but the favour which of all others he most esteemed, and which brought upon him the envy of all his companions, was an invitation she gave him to sup with her on the leg of a frozen seal, and the sound of a hay-fish stewed in blubber: nay, to crown his good fortune, after this genial banquet, she licked him * all over, that he might derive double vigour from this unction of maiden spittle; and invested him with a shift of seal guts, which for that purpose she stripped from her own delicate body. In a word, Igluka and Sibberfik had by this time captivated the hearts of each other. The rocks resounded with the songs which he composed in her praise. He formed garlands of sea-weeds intermixed with shells and corals for her hair: he made her an offering of the first-fruits of all his labours; and seized all opportunities of whispering in her ears the most delicate and endearing expressions of love.

* This practice, which was probably learned from the bear's licking her cubs, is common in Greenland.

IN the midst of this tender communication, the good old Ajokarsorpok was gathered to his fathers, and the lovely Igluka remained sole mistress of his whole estate. Sibberfik continued to enjoy all the awful privileges of a favoured lover, and at length the day was fixed for uniting this accomplished pair in the filken bands of Hymen. Meanwhile they set out together on the summer's expedition of deer-hunting: they ate from the same platter, they slept in the same tent, and constantly accompanied each other in all the evolutions of the chase. Such an intimacy between the two sexes is often productive of the most fatal consequences, which even the purest sentiments and the most determined virtue cannot always prevent. The most perfect nature and the most cautious honour have their unguarded moments; and in one of these the amiable, the elegant, the virtuous, the sentimental Igluka was undone.

AFTER the fatigue of the chase, Sibberfik spread his bear-skin for the repose of his beautiful mistress under a projecting rock, whose foot was lashed by the resounding wave. The noise of the billows, and the clattering of the ice, soon lulled her into an agreeable slumber. The lover lay down by her side: he pressed her to his bosom; waked her gently with the
soft

soft murmurs of his passion; and made such artful use of the opportunity, that in an evil hour she surrendered up her virgin treasure, while the sea-mews and curleus screamed, the bears growled, and seals grunted in concert, as if to celebrate these portentous rites. In Sibbersik enjoyment was soon followed with satiety; his fondness visibly abated; he relaxed in his attention and assiduity; he engaged in separate parties from his charmer; he avoided her habitation and society; and finally refused to perform the solemn vow by means of which he had triumphed over her virginity.

It may well be imagined what effect these instances of flight and perfidy in the man she loved, had upon a young lady of such rank and sensibility. She found herself deprived of her honour, and the symptoms of her disgrace waxing so visible, that it would not be in her power to conceal it much longer. These considerations filled her breast with horror, and thrice she resolved to bury herself and her misfortunes in a watery grave: but as often as she attempted to execute this dire resolve, she heard, or seemed to hear, a voice that pronounced the following words, *Torngarsfunnut makko ineille pegomnagit* *; which in the language of Greenland signifies, "Take heed lest thou

* Vide Egede's History of Greenland.

“go to the devil.” Thus deterred from laying violent hands on her own life, she began to pine away in solitude, indulging her grief, and giving up herself to the most bitter despair. The lustre vanished from her eyes, and the shining gloſs forsook her countenance : her jetty locks hung dishevelled ; and no more she bedewed herself with the odoriferous virgin-stream ; for alas ! this was no longer in her power. No more she indulged her appetite with the choicest cates ; but sometimes, to support her drooping spirits, she comforted herself with a cup of oil, thick, yellow, and perfumed. In a word, while her middle increased in circumference, the rest of her body wasted apace ; and her relations foresaw, that in a little time she would in all probability be conveyed to her grave, with her thimbles and needles, and wearing apparel.

SIBBERSIK was not ignorant of her condition, nor insensible of the injury he had done to this accomplished young lady : but possession had palled upon his sense, and his love was succeeded by a species of disgust, which neither his honour nor his reason could overcome. Nevertheless, they struggled so hard in behalf of the forsaken Igluka, as to banish all tranquillity from his bosom. The diversions he pursued, no longer yielded him the least enjoyment ;

enjoyment; the occupations in which he engaged, were incapable of screening him from the horrors of conscience; and the conversation of his friends acted like poison to his thought. He, in his turn, neglected his food and apparel, became pensive and melancholy, and the only relief which he felt was in fixing himself in his canoe, and launching into the deep, that he might lose the sense of his own internal tempests, amidst the loudest storms that dashed upon the rocks of Greenland. In these excursions his imagination was often haunted by the sea-spirit Ingnerfort*, which sometimes rose before him in the shape of a mermaid, and sometimes made the caverns of the shore resound with the most dismal shrieking. He looked upon these visitations as presages of his death; and even seemed to welcome his approach towards the land of spirits. One day his frail canoe was bulged upon an island of ice; and with the utmost difficulty he, by swimming, gained the shore at the very place where he had deflowered the unfortunate Igluka.

THE review of the fatal spot conjured up the idea of his guilt with all the circumstances of aggravation. He smote his breast in despair; and

* The common sea-sprite of Greenland is known by this name.

that instant a huge seal, starting from the interior part of the cave, passed him grunting, and plunged into the sea. He never doubted but this was the spirit *Torngarsuk*, which pronounced the funereal word *Picklerrukput* *, as an omen of his fate. He endeavoured to slay this mischievous fiend by an eruption of wind backwards, the only charm, which, according to the Greenland mythology, the devil cannot resist †: but, notwithstanding the prevalency of his fear, he found it impossible to try the experiment. His hair bristled up, his knees knocked together, and he fell down in a trance upon the fated scene of his dishonour.

HAVING lain for some time insensible, he recovered the use of his faculties, and found himself in the presence of a famous *Angekuk* or prophet, who, being made acquainted with his case, admonished him so effectually, that he renewed his addresses to the poor forlorn *Igluka*. Such an unexpected return of happiness soon re-

* This phrase, signifying "Here is no more to be got," the next of kin pronounces at the decease of a Greenlander.

† Such is really the notion which the Greenlanders entertain of this deity.

stored her to her former health and spirits: the two lovers were happily united by the priest: in two months after the wedding, which was celebrated with great magnificence, Igluka brought forth a pair of lovely boys, and she and her husband passed their lives in a continual round of conjugal felicity.

E S S A Y IV.

ALCANOR was the son of a London merchant, bred up to the business of his father, to which he succeeded in his early youth ; and in a little time distinguished himself not only by his knowledge in trade, but also by his probity of heart and generosity of sentiment. Nor was he deficient in personal accomplishments : his figure was remarkably agreeable ; his address was engaging ; and no pains had been spared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education.

HE was in a fair way of acquiring a very large fortune, when he first beheld, at a public assembly, the elegant and amiable EUDOSIA, daughter of an eminent trader, to whom his circumstances were well known. He was deeply struck with her external appearance ; and having found means to insinuate himself into her acquaintance, discovered a thousand charms in her understanding and disposition, which at once completed the conquest of his heart. It was not long before he disclosed his
passion

passion to the dear object, and had the ravishing pleasure to find he had inspired her with very favourable sentiments of his character.

AFTER some time spent in the endearing effusions of mutual love, he applied to the father, and made a formal demand of her in marriage. His proposal met with a very cordial reception; and Alcanor was admitted into the family on the footing of a future son-in-law. The day was already appointed for the marriage, after all the articles of interest had been settled to the satisfaction of both parties, when, by the sudden failure of foreign correspondents at the close of the last war, Alcanor was obliged to stop payment. He communicated his distress to Eudofia's father; and produced his books, by which it appeared that his effects were more than sufficient to discharge his debts; though they were so scattered, that he could not call them in time enough to support his credit. The merchant said he was sorry for his misfortune, but made no offer of assistance: on the contrary, he told him bluntly, that he could not expect he would bestow his daughter on a bankrupt, and forbade him the house. The reader may conceive what an effect this treatment had upon an ingenuous mind, endued with an extraordinary share of sensibility: he retired to his own house, his heart bursting with grief and indignation.

THE

THE generous Eudofia, being apprised of what had passed between her father and her lover, seized the first opportunity of writing a letter to Alcanor, lamenting his misfortune in the most pathetic terms; assuring him of her inviolable attachment, and offering to give a convincing proof of her love by a clandestine marriage. He made due acknowledgements to his amiable mistress for this mark of her disinterested affection; but absolutely refused to comply with a proposal which might ruin her fortune, endanger her happiness, and subject him to the imputation of being sordid and selfish. He made haste to settle his accounts, and satisfy his creditors. Then he wrote a letter to Eudofia, releasing her from all engagements in his favour, and exhorting her to forget that ever any such person existed. Immediately after this address, he disappeared, and no person could tell in what manner: people, in general, supposed he had made away with himself in despair.

EUDOSIA was overwhelmed with the most poignant sorrow, which intailed upon her a lingering distemper, that brought her to the brink of the grave. Though nature triumphed over the disease, it was not in the power of time to remove her grief, which settled into a fixed melancholy that clouded all her charms, and made a deep impression on her father's heart.

E S S A Y IV.

heart. Her only brother dying of a consumption, she became the sole heiress of a considerable fortune ; and many advantageous matches were proposed without effect. At length, she plainly told her father, that he had once made her miserable, and it was not now in his power to make her happy ; for she had made a solemn vow to heaven, that she would never join her fate to any other man but him on whom he had allowed her to bestow her affection. The merchant was thunder-struck at this declaration ; he saw himself deprived, by his own cruel avarice, of that happiness, which he had flattered himself with the hope of enjoying in a rising generation of his own posterity : he became pensive and sullen ; lost his senses ; and in a few months expired.

EUDOSIA purchased a retired house in the country, where she gave a full scope to her sorrow, while she lived the life of a saint, and spent the best part of her time, as well as fortune, in the exercise of charity and benevolence : witness the sighs that are still uttered by all that knew her, when her name is pronounced : witness the tears of the widow and the fatherless, that are daily shed upon her tomb.

ALCANOR, desperate in his fortune and his love, took a passage in a Spanish ship for Cadiz,
under

under the name of Benson ; and as he understood the languages, as well as the management of accounts, he was admitted, as an inferior factor, on board of the Flota bound for South America.

HE settled at La Vera Cruz ; and fortune so prospered his endeavours, that, in a few years, he was master of forty thousand pistoles. But neither prosperity, nor the universal esteem he had acquired among the Spaniards for his worth and integrity, could sooth the anguish of his heart, or efface the remembrance of Eudofia, whose charms still dwelt upon his imagination. At length, impatient of living so long in ignorance of her situation, he remitted his effects to Europe, returned to Cadiz, and there in a British bottom took shipping for England. At the Race of Portland, the ship was attacked by a paltry French privateer, and Alcanor had the misfortune to receive a shot in his neck, which appeared very dangerous. After the privateer had sheered off, he desired that he might be put ashore at the nearest land, as there was no surgeon on board ; and the boat immediately conveyed him and part of his baggage into a creek, within half a mile of Eudofia's dwelling. He was obliged to take up his lodging at a wretched public-house, and dispatched an express to the next town for a surgeon ; but before he arrived, the unfortunate Alcanor had lost his eyesight,

sight, in consequence of his wound, and his fever was considerably increased.

THE humane Eudofia, being made acquainted with the circumstances of his distress, without dreaming that it was her beloved Alcanor, desired a worthy old clergyman, who was rector of the parish, to take her chariot, and bring the wounded gentleman to her house, where he might be properly attended and accommodated. Thither he was carried accordingly, and there first visited by the surgeon, who, after having dressed the wound, declared he had no hopes of his recovery. He heard this sentence without emotion; and desired he might have an opportunity to thank the lady of the house for the charitable compassion she had manifested towards a stranger in distress.

THE tender-hearted Eudofia, being informed of his request, immediately visited him in his apartment, accompanied by the clergyman, and a female relation who lived with her as her companion. Approaching his bedside, she consoled with him on his misfortune, begged he would think himself at home, and command every thing in her house as freely as if it were his own. He no sooner heard her voice than he started; and raising himself in his bed, rolled his eyes around as if in quest of some favourite object. His ear was
more

more faithful than his memory : he remembered and was affected by the strain, though he could not recollect the ideas to which it had been annexed : after some pause he exclaimed, “ Excellent lady ! I could wish to live, in order to express my gratitude : but it will not be.—You have given shelter to a poor wearied pilgrim ; and your charity must be still farther extended in seeing his body committed to the dust. I have, moreover, another favour to ask, namely, that you and this good clergyman will attest my last will, which is locked in a paper-case deposited in my portmanteau.” So saying, he delivered the key to the doctor, who opened the trunk, found the paper, and was desired to recite it aloud in the hearing of all present.

THE will was written by the hand of Alcanor himself, who, in consideration of his tender affection for the incomparable Eudofia, which nothing but death should erase from his heart, had bequeathed to her all his worldly substance, exclusive of some charitable legacies. When the name of Alcanor was pronounced, Eudofia started, grew pale, and trembled with strong emotion : yet she considered his situation, and restrained her transports, while her eyes poured forth a torrent of tears, and the chair shook under her with the violence of her agony. The humane clergyman was not unmoved at this scene. He had often

heard



heard the story of her unfortunate love, and by his sensible consolations enabled her to bear her affliction with temper and resignation. He no sooner perceived the names of Alcanor and Eudofia in the will, than he was seized with extreme wonder, and sympathizing sorrow. His voice faltered, the tears ran down his cheeks, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he read the paper to an end. Then observing the agitation of Eudofia, he conducted her into another room, where, her grief and surprize becoming too strong for her constitution, she fainted away in the arms of her companion. When she recovered from this swoon, she gave vent to her sorrow in a loud passion of tears and exclamation; after which she became more calm; and begged the doctor would endeavour to prepare Alcanor for an interview with his long-lost Eudofia. He forthwith returned to the merchant; but was in too much confusion to communicate the discovery with discretion and composure.

ALCANOR, though blind, had perceived the lady's agitation, as well as the clergyman's disorder, and was not a little surprized at their abrupt departure. His mind had already formed an assemblage of the most interesting ideas before the doctor returned; and when he began to expatiate on the
mysterious

mysterious ways of Providence, he was interrupted by the stranger, who, raising his head, and clasping his hands, exclaimed aloud, "O bountiful Heaven! it must—it must be the incomparable Eudofia!" At that instant she entered the apartment, kneeled by the bed-side, and taking him by the hand, "It is (cried she) the unfortunate Eudofia—O my Alcanor! Is it thus we meet?" A long silence ensued, during which he bathed her hand with his tears.—At length he spoke to this effect: "These are not the tears of sorrow, but of joy.—Eudofia then lives! She remembers—she retains her regard for the hapless Alcanor!—It was indeed the kind hand of Providence that threw me on this hospitable shore.—Could I once more behold those dear features which I have so often contemplated with admiration and delight—but, I am satisfied."—

THE sequel of this affecting scene I cannot pretend to describe.—Alcanor's wound at the next dressing had the appearance of a beginning gangrene: nevertheless, the ball, which had been lodged among the nerves and sinews of the neck, was now with ease extracted, and his eye-sight was immediately restored. Having settled his temporal affairs, and made his peace with heaven, he on the fourth day expired in the arms
of

of Eudofia, who was the sole and last object on which his eyes were strained.

SHE did not long survive her unfortunate lover. Her grief at length exhausted her constitution, and brought her to the grave, after she had endowed alms-houses for the maintenance of twenty poor cripples, bequeathed a handsome fortune to her kinswoman, a considerable present to the clergyman, and a large sum to the poor of the parish. At her own desire she was buried in the same grave with her lover, and over them is raised a plain unembellished tomb of black marble, with this modest inscription: "Dedicated to the memory of ALCANOR and EUDOSIA."

E S S A Y V.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

I WAS much affected with the philosophical resignation of the honest SOLDIER * who made his appearance in your MAGAZINE for JUNE (1760) and his story made the deeper impression upon my mind, as his disposition forms a striking contrast with my own.

I WAS the second son of a wealthy gentleman, who reserved the bulk of his fortune for my elder brother ; so that the only provision I enjoyed, was, a tolerable education and a lieutenant's commission in the army. During the late war I obtained a company by dint of service, and at the peace was reduced upon half-pay. But this reduction was no great misfortune to me, who had learned to practise œconomy in an inferior station, and was so much master of my accounts, that I

* See GOLDSMITH'S ESSAYS, Vol. I. Essay xxiv. p. 203
could

could live independent even to my wish, and could save something out of the appointments of a reformed captain.

My father having by this time resigned his breath, I had no parental home to which I could retire ; therefore I set up my rest in a country town, where I had been formerly quartered with the regiment, and made some agreeable acquaintances. There I passed my time according to my heart's desire. I fished, fowled, and hunted with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who entertained me in their houses with the most cordial hospitality. I walked, I chatted, I danced and played at cards with their wives and daughters. Delightful excursions, and amusing parties of pleasure, were planned and executed every day. The time stole away insensibly : I knew no care : I felt no disorder. I inherited from nature a vigorous constitution, a happy serenity of temper, and was distinguished among my friends as the best-humoured fellow in the world.

In the midst of these enjoyments my heart was touched by the amiable qualities of a young lady, who was content to unite her fate with mine, contrary to the inclination, and without the consent
of

of her father, who possessed a very large fortune, and resented her marriage with such perseverance of indignation, that he never would admit her into his presence, nor even, at his death, forgive her for the step she had taken. His displeasure, however, affected us the less, as we found happiness in our mutual passion, and knew no wants; for my wife inherited from an aunt a legacy of eighteen hundred pounds, the interest of which, together with my half-pay, was sufficient to answer all our occasions.

WE found great satisfaction in contriving plans for living snug upon our income, and enjoyed unspeakable pleasure in executing the scheme to which we had given the preference. Chance presented us with an opportunity to purchase a small, though neat and convenient house, with about twenty acres of land, in an agreeable rural situation; and there our time was parcelled out in a succession of tasks, for improving a large farm that we rented, and cultivating a sweet little garden laid out on a gentle slope, the foot of which was watered by a brawling rivulet of pure transparent water. Although Heaven had not thought proper to indulge us with children, we were favoured with every other substantial blessing; and every circumstance of rural œconomy proved a source of health and satisfaction. The labours
of

of the field, the little domestick cares of the barn-yard, the poultry-yard, and the dairy, were productive of such delights as none of your readers will conceive, except those who are enamoured of a country-life. I cannot remember those peaceful scenes of innocence and tranquillity without regret; they often haunt my imagination, like the ghosts of departed happiness. Within the bosom of this charming retreat we lived, in a state of uninterrupted enjoyment, until our felicity was invaded by two unexpected events, at which, I am afraid, we shall always have cause to repine: my nephew, who had succeeded to my father's estate, died of the small-pox, and, a few weeks after this incident, my wife's only brother broke his neck in leaping a five-barred gate: so that we found ourselves, all at once, in possession of a very opulent fortune, and violently transported from that element for which our tempers had been so well adapted.

IN the first flutter and agitation of mind occasioned by this unhopcd-for accession, we quitted our romantic solitude, and rushed into all the pageantry of high-life. Thus irresistibly sucked within the vortex of Dissipation, we grew giddy in a rapid whirl of unnatural diversion: we became enamoured of tinsel liveries, equipage, and all the

frippery of fashion. Instead of tranquillity, health, a continual flow of satisfaction, and a succession of rational delights, which we formerly derived from temperance, exercise, the study of nature, and the practice of benevolence, we now tasted no pleasure but what consists in the gratification of idle vanity, tossed for ever on a sea of absurd amusements by such loud storms of riot and tumult, as drowned the voice of reason and reflection, and overwhelmed all the best faculties of the soul. We deserted nature, sentiment, and true taste, to lead a weary life of affectation, folly, and intemperance; our senses became so depraved, that our eyes were captivated with glare and glitter, and our ears with noise and clamour; while our fancy dwelt with pleasure on every gewgaw of Gothic extravagance. We entertained guests whom we despised, we visited friends whom we did not love, and invited company whom we could not esteem. We drank wines that we could not relish, and ate victuals which we could not digest. We frequented concerts which we did not understand, plays that we did not like, and public diversions which we could not enjoy. Our house might have been termed the Temple of Uproar: card-tables were the shrines, and the votaries seemed agitated by the dæmons of envy, spite, rage, vexation and despair. In a word, all was farce and form,—all was a phantasma,

phantasma, and a hideous dream of incoherent absurdities.

THESE pleasures, like brandy to a dram drinker, have lost their effect; we have waked from the intoxication to a due sense of our miserable condition; for the vigour both of mind and body is quite impaired. With respect to each other, we find ourselves in a state of mutual disgust; and all the enjoyments of life we either taste with indifference, or reject with loathing. For my own part, I am overwhelmed with what the French call *l'ennui*, a distemper for which there is no name in the English language; a distemper which may be understood from the following lines of the poet:

Thou too, my Paridel, she saw thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair;
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

It is not a common vacancy of thought, or an ordinary languor of the nerves that I labour under, but a confirmed imbecility of mind, and a want of relish, attended with a thousand uneasinesses which render life almost insupportable. I sleep without refreshment; I am fatigued without labour. I am scarce risen when I wish the day

was done, and when night comes I long for morning. I eat without appetite, drink without exhilaration; exercise affords no spirits, conversation no amusement, reading no entertainment, and diversion no pleasure. It is not from affectation, but an acquired insensibility, that I see Falstaff without a smile, and The Orphan without emotion. I endeavour to kill the time by shifting continually the scene of dissipation; but I am close pursued by disgust: all is disappointment, insipid, nauseous, or shocking. My temper is grown so fretful and peevish, that I quarrel by turns with my servants and myself; even she that was once the delight of my eyes, and the joy of my heart, is now become the subject of perpetual disquiet. I harbour wishes which I dare not approve; my heart palpitates with passions which I am ashamed to avow. I am tormented by a thousand petty grievances, which rise like angry pimples from the ebullitions of a soured disposition; and incidents that would move the mirth of other men, are to me productive of choler and anxiety. Two days ago I ordered my servants to horse-whip a cobbler, who refused to leave off whistling in his stall as he sat at work opposite to my chamber-window; and if I had then met with your maimed Soldier, in all probability I should have chastised him for presuming to be more happy than his betters.

SIR,

SIR, if you have any recipe for the cure of my disorder, it will be charity to publish it for the benefit of many thousands that labour under the same malady which now afflicts your humble servant,

PICROMACHUS.

THE distemper of our correspondent is endemic among the Great, and may be termed a scurvy of the spirits. Exercise is as necessary to the mind as to the body, and mental exercise consists in study and reflection: this being long disused, the powers of reason lose their tone; and a relaxation of the nerves from idleness and surfeit, co-operating with this languor, the whole machine is, as it were, unstrung; all the faculties being thus untwisted and out of tune, the mind jars on every string, and nothing can be produced but discord and disquiet. If PICROMACHUS and his Lady are really determined, if possible, to obtain a radical cure, and retrieve their good-humour, let them make over to the next heirs the great estates which devolved to them so unexpectedly, and return to the farm with the same necessities which their own industry had before so happily supplied. Should this be an effort of self-denial beyond the pitch of their resolution, we would advise them to renounce their fashionable connections, and endeavour

your to contract friendships with a few rational creatures; to dismiss their superfluous servants, including the French cook, and every gaudy appurtenance of ostentation; to retire from London, and engage in the avocations of husbandry; to use the cold bath every morning, ride twenty miles every day before dinner, eat moderately of plain English food, go to bed by eleven, rise before eight, and fast one day in the week, until their appetites are perfectly restored.

E S S A Y VI.

HOWSOEVER we may pride ourselves on the refinements of the present age, we are not so far removed from barbarism as people in general imagine. It would be easy to demonstrate, that every circumstance of the present fashion is a shocking outrage against common sense, which is founded upon eternal truth, the basis of all taste and beauty ; and it would be no difficult task to prove, that we are as Gothic in those sentiments of the heart which influence our conduct, as in the suggestions of the fancy that regulate the mode of our external appearance. Notwithstanding the pride and self-complacency of those fluttering animals who call themselves Persons of Distinction, roll in their triumphal chariots, and look down with disdain on their fellow-citizens as the dregs of the creation, they are no other than mere rustics in point of true taste and genuine politeness, which are the natural effects of sensibility and humanity, improved by knowledge ; whereas the present mode is an un-

natural monster, begot upon the hag Ignorance by her own son the idiot Caprice; and what we falsely term Good-breeding, is no other than the spurious brood of unfeeling Insolence and awkward Grimace. These ridiculous perversions derive their first origin from error, and will never be rectified, until the world shall adopt a system of education quite different from that which at present prevails. Very few pretend to think for themselves, but, in matters of taste, implicitly follow, like simple sheep, certain Bell-weatheres of the fashion, who are instigated by the dæmons of Arrogance and Folly. In order to effect a reformation, it will be necessary, that individuals shall exert their own faculties of reason, and renounce those distracted guides, whenever they perceive them deviate from the road of nature and of truth: but the faculty of judging cannot be properly exerted, until it has been duly exercised; and, for this purpose, we ought to contrive proper objects of argument and reflection. For my own part, as the business is to investigate truth, I would propose the study of geometry to the youth of both sexes. After miss hath finished the letters of the A B C, let her begin a new sampler for the Propositions of Euclid. No young lady should be admitted to a card-table, except by crossing the **Pons Asinorum*; nor preside at an

* A Proposition so called.

assembly,

assembly, until she could demonstrate the famous Pythagorean discovery, that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the two other sides in a right-angled triangle. Every body knows with what success mathematical reasoning has been introduced into medicine: an ingenious philosopher of our own day hath used the same science in determining the momenta with which the passions act upon the human mind: the Line of Beauty discovered by the celebrated Hogarth, what is it but a mathematical curve? the charms of painting, sculpture, and architecture, that strike the spectator's eye with irresistible energy, are no other than a happy symmetry of parts, that may be resolved into mathematical relations: even music itself is founded on mathematical proportion, and doubtless the same rules of analytical investigation may be applied in discovering and ascertaining the characters of mankind; at least, the study of geometry will fix the attention of the most volatile female, teach her to think with propriety, compare with caution, and judge with precision.

I was led into this train of thought by an incident which lately fell under my observation, at one of those Medicinal Wells which, every summer, attract a concourse of what is called fashion-

able people. A certain lady of quality, as remarkable for her good-sense as for her generosity of temper, coming one day into the public room, invited all the company then present to a ball at her own house, intended for the next evening. The guests assembled accordingly; and, that no disputes might arise, the distribution of partners was left to the determination of chance: the gentlemen drew numbers out of one hat, the ladies from another, and the two that corresponded were coupled for the evening. The number 10 fell to the share of a lady, who, understanding that she had drawn for her partner a young physician, made no secret of expressing her dissatisfaction, and even declared that she would not dance: the poor doctor, ignorant of her chagrin, and as yet a stranger to his fate, went round the room, enquiring which of the ladies had drawn the number 10, and began to be much mortified at finding himself un-owned. The lady of the ball, perceiving his situation, acted with a delicacy peculiar to herself: she communicated her instructions to her own daughter (whom we shall call CLARINDA), an amiable young lady and a reigning toast, who had drawn the same number with a gaudy officer that flaunted about the room in scarlet and embroidery. Clarinda, addressing herself to the discontented nymph, begged as a favour that they

they might exchange numbers, and her proposal was greedily embraced: then this lovely creature, blooming with all the graces of youth, beauty, and good-nature, went up to the physician, and, smiling ineffably sweet, told him she had the pleasure to be his partner for the evening. The doctor's eyes sparkled at her approach: his good fortune was envied by all the gentlemen; her conduct was applauded by the majority of the ladies; and before the ball ended, the person by whom he had been rejected was heartily ashamed of her silly pride.

THAT the reader may be the better judge of her choice, I shall analyse the two individuals who stood so differently in her estimation. The physician was in his person tall, and elegantly formed, with an open prepossessing countenance, a modest deportment, and engaging address: the officer was short, squat, hard-favoured, clumsy, impudent, and boorish. The doctor descended from an honourable family; his rival was the son of an exciseman: the first had expended a large sum on his education, travelled for improvement, and laid up an uncommon stock of erudition; the other wrote a good hand, understood a little of the principles of gauging, but, in other respects, was altogether untinged with human learning, and

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but lately introduced to any sort of decent commerce. The doctor enjoyed a reputable profession, a patrimony of five thousand pounds, and an extensive family-interest; the officer had ten pounds in his pocket, was one hundred and fifty in debt to his taylor, and enjoyed a lieutenant's commission; which, by the bye, he owed to the interest of the physician's father. The doctor wore a fair perriwig, and a plain suit of clothes; the officer his own hair in a bag, an embroidered coat, a cockade in his hat, and stone-buckles in his shoes; and these were the particulars that, in the lady's opinion, eclipsed all the qualities of the physician. I shall conclude this comparison with observing, that the doctor, had he been so minded, could at any time have rivalled the officer, both in his finery and rank in the service; but it was by no means in the lieutenant's power to attain the merit and real importance of the physician.

ESSAY VII.

WHETHER the instinct of brutes be a subordinate species of reason, or an innate faculty impressed by nature for the preservation of the individual, is a question which has been long contested among philosophers. That reason and instinct are essentially different, appears from the following considerations : reason is the result of ideas acquired, and must be improved by exercise and cultivation. The instinct of brutes seems perfect as soon as the animal is produced ; the chick, by a surprising instinct, picks a way for itself through the shell into the world, and begins to feed immediately, before it can possibly have received any ideas from observation. The same faculty is observable in blind puppies, and all quadrupeds, which curiously search for the dug in order to suck the mother. Throw one of these blind puppies into a pond of water, and it will swim with amazing dexterity. This is likewise the case with all aquatic fowls, from the moment they

they are hatched ; and all the birds of the air naturally fly without being instructed. All animals, without prescription, choose that kind of food which nature has allotted them, and, in the exercise of this choice, carefully avoid those things which would prejudice their health, even when they seem to be solicited by their senses : for example, a hog will greedily devour an apple ; but by no means will touch the fruit of the manzanillo tree, which is poisonous, although it resembles an apple in colour, shape, and odour. One beast, as if it knew by intuition the strength of its own organs, or the peculiarity of their construction, shall eat and digest those herbs which would prove fatal to the other animals that graze upon the same common. Nay, if we may believe the history of medicine, the virtues of many simples have been discovered to mankind by the beasts of the field, which, from the same principle, had recourse to their efficacy, when disordered by accident or distemper. Among other instances of instinct we ought also to mention the *Στοργή*, or natural affection, though it is common to the human species as well as to brutes. That this is instinct, totally different from reason, we may conclude from the different effects it produces in human creatures, and among the brute creation. The *Στοργή* of a beast ceases from the very instant
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that it becomes unnecessary to the preservation of the young offspring; and among birds is succeeded by such aversion and animosity in the breast of the mother, that she commonly drives her progeny into immediate exile: this seems to be the admirable disposition of Providence, that one particular place may not be overstocked, and animals of the same species distress one another by creating a scarcity.

IN the human species the *Στοργή* is protracted and improved into the charities, by intercourse and continuation of good offices, and the exercise of reason; and this in proportion to the strength of reflection and the delicacy of sentiment. The less enlightened the mother happens to be by human understanding, the more she conforms to this blind instinct: an idiot fondled her own child with all the care, tenderness, and skill, which the *Στοργή* seems to inspire in the brute animal, till it could subsist without the mother's milk, then resigned all affection and attention to it, and no longer distinguished it as her own offspring. Observe the lower class among the vulgar, who, in point of sentiment, are but one degree raised above the level of the beasts, with what eagerness, and even rapture of affection, a mother will caress her bantling: behold the same mother and the same child two
or

or three years after, the *Στοργή* is entirely vanished; she looks upon the child as a troublesome incumbrance laid upon her by the law: she fairly wishes it at the devil, beats it with the utmost barbarity, and, instead of being the pledge of her love, it becomes the object of her execration. The case is no more than this: natural instinct vanished at its usual period, and there was no sentiment to take its place.

BUT in nothing does instinct appear more amazing, than in those curious nests so judiciously contrived, and so wonderfully executed by the birds, as receptacles for their young. It has been often observed, that in this respect they not only surpass all human art, but defy all imitation. It may also be remarked, that the nest constructed by any bird in the first year of its existence, is as uniform and perfect as those which are built after many years experience. This is another strong reason for supposing that instinct neither depends upon ideas acquired, nor improves by exercise and observation; consequently, is a power or faculty altogether distinct from reason, which is undoubtedly acquired from observation and extended by practice. It may be asked then, If the instinct of brutes is produced with the animal in full perfection, how come they to exhibit such evident marks of docility? Many animals
have

have given proofs of uncommon sagacity, and may be taught a thousand things that denote a considerable share of reason. Without all doubt, as the human species have some kinds of instinct in common with brutes, so the brute creation share with man a weaker faculty of reason; but this we conceive to be altogether different from instinct. Reason is the power of arranging, comparing, and judging from ideas received; instinct seems to be a principle previous to all ideas, and independent of them, implanted among the first stamina of life. Reason does not appear till a considerable time after the animal is born, then shoots forth like a tender plant, continues to grow, and as it grows acquires fresh vigour from proper cultivation; on the contrary, instinct appears at once in full maturity. The range of reason is unbounded, comprehending all arts and all arguments; instinct is confined to a few articles relating to the preservation and propagation of the individual. Reason is subject to mistake and deception; instinct is sure and infallible. Man is in some cases guided by instinct, and brutes are sometimes conducted by the faint glimmerings of reason. A thousand wonderful instances are recorded of the sagacity of the elephant, the ingenuity of the ape, the cunning of the fox, and the docility of the dog. We ourselves could produce
some

some surprizing evidence in favour of the ass, which lies (in our opinion unjustly) under the general reproach of stupidity ; but as we have not room to insert a number of particulars relating to this subject, we shall content ourselves, and we hope our readers, with one surprizing instance of resentment and reflection in a stork, extracted from the Travels of Keyssler.

“How far a rational principle, mutual affection, and comparifon of ideas, may be ascribed to animals, I will not at present determine ; but assure you, that the following adventure of a tame stork, some years ago in the University of Tubingen, is literally true : This bird lived quietly in the court-yard, till Count Victor Gravenitz, then a student there, shot with ball at a stork’s nest adjacent to the college, and probably wounded the stork then in it, as he was observed for some weeks not to stir out of the nest. This happened in autumn, when foreign storks begin their periodical emigrations. In the ensuing spring, a stork was observed on the roof of the college, and by its incessant chattering gave the tame stork, walking below in the area, to understand, that it would be glad of its company. But this was a thing impracticable, on account of its wings being clipt ; which induced the stranger with
the

the utmost precaution first to come down to the upper gallery, the next day something lower, and at last, after a great deal of ceremony, quite into the court. The tame stork, which was conscious of no harm, went to meet him with a soft cheerful note, and a sincere intention of giving him a friendly reception, when, to his great surprise, the other fell upon him with the utmost fury. The spectators present, indeed, for that time, drove away the foreign stork; but this was so far from intimidating him, that he came again the next day to the charge, and during the whole summer, continual skirmishes were interchanged between them. Mr. G. R. v. F. had given orders that the tame stork should not be assisted, as having only a single antagonist to encounter: and by being thus obliged to shift for himself, he came to stand better on his guard, and make such a gallant defence, that at the end of the campaign the stranger had no great advantage to boast of. But next spring, instead of a single stork came four, which, without any of the foregoing ceremonies, alighted at once in the college area, and directly attacked the tame stork, who, indeed, in the view of several spectators standing in the galleries, performed feats even above human valour, if I may use that expression, defending himself by the arms Nature had given him, with the utmost
bravery,

bravery, till at length, being overpowered by superior numbers, his strength and courage began to fail, when very unexpected auxiliaries came in to his assistance; all the turkies, ducks, geese, and the rest of the fowls that were brought up in the court, to whom, undoubtedly, this gentle stork's mild and friendly behaviour had endeared him, without the least dread of the danger, formed a kind of rampart round him, under the shelter of which he might make an honourable retreat from so unequal an encounter: and even a peacock, which before never could live in friendship with him, on this emergency took the part of oppressed innocence, and was, if not a true-bottomed friend, at least a favourable judge on the stork's side.

“UPON this, a stricter watch was kept against such traitorous incursions of the enemy, and a stop put to more bloodshed; till at last, about the beginning of the third spring, above twenty storks alighted in the court with the greatest fury; and before the poor stork's faithful life-guards could form themselves, or any of the people come in to his assistance, they deprived him of life, though, by exerting his usual gallantry, they paid dear for the purchase.

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“THE malevolence of these strangers against this innocent creature could proceed from no other motive than the shot fired by Count Victor from the college, and which they doubtless suspected was done by the instigation of the tame stork.”

ESSAY

E S S A Y VIII.

INQUIRING with myself wherein true beauty consists, and how it may be attained, the best account I could find for it was true virtue. I know this will appear strange to some, but I am not here to enter into metaphysical disputes or criticisms on other people ; I appeal to nature, and shall proceed to deliver my opinion.

WHEN all the faculties of the soul harmoniously conspire in their several operations in due proportion to their nature, without jarring and interrupting one another, then the mind is serene, and the person is virtuous and happy. The outward form, like an instrument tuned in concord, presents to the eye an image of this internal harmony. The face never is a false glass, but through artifice and bad habits.

WHAT is it in external forms that excites in us the idea of beauty, but the harmony and delicate proportions observed in the arrangement of certain

tain particles of matter? But as the soul arranges and moves all matter, those harmonies and delicacies of proportion never could take place under the influence of an unharmonious mind.

How amiable are the characters of children? and there are few of them come so far of age, as to have their features distinctly marked, but who appear pretty; and yet, gradually as they grow up, we often see their muscles convulsed by passions, their features turn coarser and stronger, and then their beauty flies.

THERE is a great deal of beauty owing to the happiness of birth: as for example, where the father and mother have been well assorted, and lived a temperate life in peace and mutual love; in such a case, the children are fresh and vigorous, yet the flow of their blood and animal spirits is not irregular; they naturally are more disposed to a life of tranquillity and virtue, which as it does not ruffle the mind, the face, its image, is more serene.

I WOULD make allowances for the small-pox and other accidents of sickness, or the cares and distresses of life that imprint themselves upon the face. Some of these rather confirm than contradict our theory; and at any rate they are like
whirlwinds,

whirlwinds, inundations, earthquakes, and other extraordinary calamities, against which no provision can be made in the ordinary course of human affairs. There are, however, many distresses which impair beauty, for which people have themselves to blame, such as the hysteric disease. This indeed chiefly arises from some unfortunate accident or shock to the tender female constitution; but frequently also from sloth and idleness, and a romantic imagination, where there has been no useful business to keep the mind employed, and proper exercise for the health of the body. The laws of nature are inflexible, the transgression of them always proves its own punishment.

READING books of extravagant poetry raises corresponding tumults in the mind, as they paint all the passions immoderate. Tragedies such as they frequently are, books of romantic love, and, which is fifty times worse, books of romantic intrigues, all tend to disturb the breast of the tender fair-one. As their imaginations are more lively than ours, they are more apt to receive wrong impressions, and have their taste corrupted. Thus the unfortunate maid pines inwardly from a wounded imagination, and her corroded beauty falls a victim to her folly.

"THE malevolence of these strangers against this innocent creature could proceed from no other motive than the shot fired by Count Victor from the college, and which they doubtless suspected was done by the instigation of the tame flock."

VOL. I.

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ESSAY

E S S A Y VIII.

HOWEVER vain and ridiculous the presumption of those people may appear, who pretend to tell fortunes, and prognosticate future events, from the arrangement of cards, and the appearance of coffee-grounds as they are whirled around and settled on the sides of the cup; we will not scruple to affirm, that the genuine art of Physiognomy, or Metoposcopy, is not beneath the consideration and even the study of a philosopher: for though it will not teach us to prognosticate particular events, it must be of considerable service in helping us to discern the predominant passions, the vices, the views, and, in a word, the natural disposition of those with whom we may have connexions and concerns. This inference we draw from a thorough conviction, that the looks of men in general are strongly affected, and even modelled, by particular habits of thinking; and that different characters of the mind are usually distinguished by peculiar con-
formations

formations and complexions of the body. A subtle Italian politician, famous for discovering the hidden sentiments of the heart, even when wrapped in the thickest cloak of dissimulation, used carefully to survey the features of the person whose thoughts he wanted to develope, and mimic their disposition in his own face; an expedient that never failed to suggest the ideas which corresponded with that cast of countenance. Everybody has heard the instance of the phisiognomist Zopyrus, who having examined the face of Socrates, pronounced him a dunce and a libertine. This artist being ridiculed by those who were well acquainted with this sage's wisdom and continence, Socrates reprehended them for their mirth, and owned he was naturally such as the phisiognomist had declared, but that he had corrected the vices of his nature by the exercise of reason and hard study. Another professor of metoposcopy having viewed a portrait of Hippocrates, pronounced nearly the same sentence against that father of medicine, and was in danger of being roughly handled by his disciples, until they were undeceived by their master, who also had candour enough to acknowledge his own natural defects. Pliny, in mentioning the excellency of the painter Apelles, affirms, that he struck the likeness of men so exactly, that a phisiognomist,

by looking at them, could discover the age of the persons represented, and even predict the number of years they had to live. John, first named the FEARLESS, Duke of Burgundy, being taken prisoner in the battle of Nicopolis, fought between the Imperialists and the Turks, was upon the brink of being put to death, by order of the victor Sultan Bajazet, when a Turkish physiognomist saved his life, by assuring the Sultan, that from an accurate inspection of the prisoner, he could plainly perceive, that if John was dismissed, he would occasion a vast effusion of blood and many cruel wars among the Christians. This prediction, however, we must receive with some grains of allowance, though related as a fact by Henterus in his History of Burgundy. We are told by Paulus Jovius, that Antonio Tiberto, a native of Cesena, and a very famous physiognomist, prognosticated to Guido Balneo, the great favourite of Pandulfo Malatesta, a tyrant of Arimini, that he would be deprived of life by an intimate friend of his own. He likewise warned Pandulpho, that he would be expelled from his country, and die in extreme misery. Both events happened according to the prediction; Guido was put to death by the tyrant, who, in his turn, died in exile, wretchedly poor, and abandoned by all the world. St. Gregory of Nazianzen,

anzen, seeing Julian the Apostate, when he was a young man, at Athens; after having attentively viewed his face and appearance, exclaimed, "O what mischief will that youth occasion to the Roman empire!" St. Charles of Borromeo paid such regard to the physiognomy, that he would admit none into his family and service but persons of unblemished make and agreeable aspect, saying, "that beautiful souls generally dwelt in beautiful bodies." This general rule, however, is not without numerous exceptions. The Jesuit NICETUS being reputed the best physiognomist who hath committed his rules to writing, we shall specify some of them, for the entertainment of the curious; and every reader may compare them with the result of his own observations.

“ A MAN of a *sanguine* or *gay disposition* is distinguished by a fair smooth skin, large muscles, quick growth, agility, plentiful sweats, a florid complexion, red hair, pleasing aspect, regular features, a strong clear and agreeable tone of voice, a strong full pulse, sound and long sleeping, pleasing dreams of dancing, riding, or flying. His constitution is hot and moist; his health various; his life long. His virtues consist in meekness, affability, gratitude, and urbanity :

the vices incident to this disposition are, loquacity, fickleness, breach of faith, lying, lust, and inconstancy. In point of genius, he is volatile, capricious, and averse to study.

“THE *choleric* or *fiery disposition* is known by a lean habit, agility, a rigid fibre, dusky skin, short curled hair, small head, little eyes, quick pace, rough tongue, scanty secretion of spittle, a brown yellowish complexion, a quick hasty voice, a vehement hard frequent pulse, short and interrupted sleep, turbulent dreams of wars and quarrels. His constitution is hot and dry, his health good, and life of a reasonable length. His virtues consist in diligence, strength, vigilance, and constancy. With respect to vices, he is irascible, quarrelsome, apt to indulge hatred, ambitious, boastful, importunate, impolite, and invidious. His genius is keen, penetrating, and sagacious.

“THE *phlegmatic disposition* is attended with bulk, fullness, a great deal of spittle and mucus but no drought, grey hairs betimes, small blood-vessels, slow digestion, a white jolly sleek effeminate countenance, a sharp quick squeaking voice, a slow deliberate equal pulse, sweet easy long sleeps; dreams of water, or moist objects. His constitution is cold and moist, his health indifferent,

different, and life short. In point of virtue, he is meek, quiet, and inoffensive in conversation. As to vice, he is idle, slothful, luxurious, and impolite; and with respect to genius, he is dull, and slow of comprehension.

“ HE that inherits a *melancholic* or *terrene disposition* has a small body, beardless thin dry rough skin, and hard bones, a grey dusky leaden dejected countenance, a low quivering fearful voice, a slow small hard pulse, troubled sleep, melancholy dreams of the dead. His constitution is cold and dry, his health very bad, and his life of short duration. The virtues of this disposition are, fidelity, stability, and prudence; but this more remarkable in youth than in old age. The vices are, sullen silence, avarice, obstinacy, and a suspicious temper. The genius is profound, persevering, and mature.

“ STRENGTH OF BODY is known by stiff hair, large bones, swelling firm and robust limbs, short muscular neck, firm and erect; the hind-head broad and high, the fore-head short hard and peaked, with bristly hair; large feet, rather thick than broad; a harsh unequal voice, and choleric complexion.

“WEAKNESS OF BODY is distinguished by a small ill-proportioned head, narrow shoulders, soft skin, and melancholy complexion.

“THE signs of *long life* are, strong teeth, a sanguine temperament, middle stature, large deep and ruddy lines in the hand, large muscles, stooping shoulders, full chest, firm flesh, clear complexion, slow growth, wide ears, large eyelids, and the hollow of the navel equally wide at top and bottom.

“SHORT LIFE may be inferred from a thick tongue, the appearance of grinders before the age of puberty, thin straggling and uneven teeth, confused lines in the hand, quick but small growth, the lower part of the navel wider than the brim, and a melancholy temperament.

“A GOOD GENIUS may be expected from a thin skin, middling stature, blue light eyes, fair complexion, straight and pretty strong hair, large hands and fingers, an affable aspect, the eye-brows joined, moderation in mirth, an open front, the temples a little concave, and the head shaped like a mallet.

“A DUNCE may be known by a swollen neck, plump arms sides and loins, a round head concave behind,

behind, a large fleshy forehead, pale eyes, dead heavy look, small joints, snuffling nostrils, prick-ears, proneness to laughter, little hands, an ill-proportioned head, either too big or too little, blubber lips, short fingers, and thick legs.

“**FORTITUDE** may be guessed from a wide mouth, a sonorous voice, grave slow and always equal, upright posture, large eyes, pretty open and stedfast, the hair high above the forehead, the head pretty much compressed or flattened, the forehead square and high, the extremities large and robust, the neck firm, though not fleshy, a large corpulent chest, and brown complexion.

“**BOLDNESS** is characterised by a prominent mouth, rugged appearance, rough forehead, arched eye-brows, large nostrils and teeth, short neck, big arms, ample chest, square shoulders, and froward aspect.

“**PRUDENCE** is generally distinguished by an head flat on the sides, a broad square forehead, a little concave in the middle, a soft voice, large chest, thin hair, large eyes, either blue brown or black, pretty large ears, and an aquiline nose.

“**A GOOD MEMORY** is commonly attached to those persons who are smaller, yet better formed in

upper than in the lower parts, not fat but fleshy, of a fair delicate skin, with the poll of the head uncovered, crooked nose, teeth thick set, large ears, with plenty of cartilage.

“A BAD MEMORY is observable in persons who are larger in their superior than inferior parts, fleshy, though dry and bald. *N. B.* This is expressly contrary to the remark of Aristotle, who says, that the superior parts being larger than the inferior signify a good memory, and *vice versa*.

“A GOOD IMAGINATION *and thoughtful disposition* is distinguished by a large prominent forehead, a fixed and attentive look, slow respiration, and an inclination of the head.

“PERSONS who enjoy a *good sight* have generally black thick straight eye-lashes, large bushy eye-brows, concave eyes, contracted as it were inwards.

“SHORT-SIGHTED PEOPLE have a stern or earnest look, small short eye-brows, large pupils, and prominent eyes.

“THOSE who possess *the sense of hearing* in perfection, have ears well furnished with gristle, well channelled, and hairy.

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"THE *sense of smelling* is most perfect in those who have large noses, descending very near the mouth, neither too moist nor too dry.

"A NICE *faculty of tasting* is peculiar to such as have a spongy porous soft tongue, well moistened with saliva, yet not too moist.

"DELICACY *in the touch* belongs to those who have a soft skin, sensible nerves, and nervous sinews moderately warm and dry.

"IRASCIBILITY is accompanied by an erect posture, a clear skin, solemn voice, open nostrils, moist temples displaying superficial veins, thick neck, equal use of both hands, quick pace, blood-shot eyes, large unequal ill-ranged teeth, and choleric complexion.

"TIMOROUSNESS resides where we find a concave nape of the neck, pale colour, weak winking eyes, soft hair, long slender neck, smooth plump breast, shrill tremulous voice, small round mouth, thin lips, broad thin hands, and small shambling feet.

"MELANCHOLY is denoted by a wrinkled front, dejected eyes, meeting eye-brows, slow pace, fixed look, and deliberate respiration.

“AN *amorous disposition* may be known by a fair slender face, a redundancy of hair, rough temples, broad forehead, gracious look, moist shining eyes, wide nostrils, narrow shoulders, hairy hands and arms, legs well shaped and sinewy.

“GAIETY attends a serene open forehead, rosy agreeable countenance, a sweet musical tone of voice, an agile body, and soft flesh.

“ENVY appears with a wrinkled forehead, frowning dejected and squinting look, a pale melancholy aspect, a dry rough skin, and hard bones.

“INTREPIDITY often resides in a small body, with red curled hair, ruddy countenance, square forehead, frowning eye-brows arched and meeting, rolling eyes, blue or yellowish, a large mouth, and reddish lines in the palm of the hand.

“GENTLENESS, or *complacency*, may be distinguished by a soft and moist palm, frequency of shutting the eyes, soft movement, slow speech, soft straight and red hair.

“BASHFULNESS may be discovered by moist eyes, never wide open, eye-brows frequently lowered, blushing cheeks, moderate pace, slow
and

and submissive speech, bent body, and glowing ears of a purple hue.

“ TEMPERANCE, or *sobriety*, is accompanied with an equal respiration, a moderate sized mouth, smooth temples, eyes of an ordinary size, either fair or azure, and a short flat belly.

“ STRENGTH of *mind* is signified by red curled hair, a small body, shining eyes, but a little depressed, a grave intense voice, bushy beard, large broad back and shoulders.

“ PRIDE stands confessed with arched eye-brows, large prominent mouth, a broad chest, slow pace, erected head, shrugging shoulders, and staring eyes.

“ LUXURY dwells with a ruddy or palish complexion, downy temples, bald pate, little eyes, thick neck, corpulent body, large nose, strutting belly, thin eye-brows, and hands covered with a kind of down.

“ LOQUACITY may be expected from a bushy beard, broad fingers, pointed tongue, eyes of a ruddy hue, a large prominent upper lip, a downy belly, and sharp-pointed nose.

“ PERVERSE-

"PERVERSENESS may be dreaded when we perceive a high forehead, firm short thick immoveable neck, quick speech, immoderate laughter, fiery eyes, short fleshy hands and fingers.

"IMPUDENCE may be inferred from fiery staring eyes, eager look, circular forehead, round ruddy countenance, elevated chest, flat nose, and loud laughter."

ESSAY

E S S A Y IX.

OF all vulgar errors and idle remarks, that of Fascination, or the Evil Eye, is the most common, and perhaps the most ancient. This species of superstition generally prevailed among the Romans, as we learn from the testimony of Pliny, Plutarch, Aulus Gellius, and others, not forgetting the hackneyed line of Virgil,

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

PLUTARCH, who bestows a dialogue expressly on this subject, gives us to understand, that the conceit of Fascination was derived from the most remote antiquity. In Greece it was common in the time of Aristotle, who observes in one of his problems, that the herb rue was accounted a specific against Fascination. To the prepossession of so many ages, we may add the suffrage of many learned men, theologists as well as physicians.

FOR these reasons, a man at first sight who barely follows the rules of common criticism,
would

would believe that Fascination really existed, and even look upon it as a flagrant piece of rash presumption to deny that which at all times hath been adopted by the common consent of all nations: but we, who know the facility with which a false opinion is communicated from one person to another, and laugh at the common notions of the multitude, possess, thank heaven! a mind quite free from either the fear or veneration, which the opinions of the vulgar usually inspire, and altogether unrestrained by the authority of ages, or the consent of nations. On the contrary, we are persuaded that the whole doctrine of Fascination is a mere fable, produced and nourished among ignorant, rude, and superstitious people, and afterwards communicated through want of reflection to persons of greater capacity.

FASCINATION is supposed to be the action of injuring any person by a glance of the eye; but it is commonly imagined, as a necessary circumstance, that the fascinator must look at the person fascinated with an emotion of envy. Beautiful children are thought to be the most exposed to this damage, because the tenderness of their constitution is more capable of receiving a malignant impression, and their beauty excites the
envy

envy of the beholders. Some suppose, that not only envy, but likewise love sometimes produces the same effect, which is likewise occasioned by praising as well as by looking upon the object.

PLAIN and obvious it is, that according to sound philosophy, neither the one nor the other can make the least impression. The eye-sight is not active, but confined within its proper organ, which receives the pictures from the object, but sends nothing to it in return: neither do words, either of praise or disparagement, possess any physical power of action, having nothing but the signification or intentional representation which hath been affixed to them by the arbitrary will of mankind; therefore all that has been said of Fascination is a mere chimæra.

AMONG the medical authors who treat of this subject, Vallis suspects that the error arises from this circumstance: That handsome, healthy, and fleshy children are the most subject to be seized with some dangerous indisposition; in confirmation of which he quotes an aphorism from Hippocrates: *Habitus, qui ad summum bonitatis pertingit, periculosus est*; and that of Cornelius Celsus: *Qui nitidiores solito sunt, suspecta bona,*

bona, sua habere debent. “Now (says he) the vulgar being ignorant of this rule in medicine, or this law of nature, impute the sudden transition from health to sickness in such children, to the evil eye of those who look upon them.” Whether these two aphorisms be true or false, certain it is they are here misapplied by Vallis; first, because neither Hippocrates nor Celsus says that, in this state of perfect health, the transition to distemper is sudden; and secondly, because both are equally applicable to adults and children, and thus are generally understood by physicians. Nor, in fact, do we believe that this sudden failure of health in children is frequent: if it happens oftener in them than in adults, it ought to be attributed to the tenderness and little strength of the fibres, which, being incapable of making much resistance, may, from various causes, internal as well as external, suddenly lose their tone. This, no doubt, is the most probable cause of those sudden changes; whereas that of the influence of evil eyes is totally improbable, not only for the reasons we have already given, but also for this we are going to add.

WERE the common notion true, those children would be the most frequently fascinated who are most likely to excite envy; I mean the children of noblemen

noblemen and opulent persons, who generally appear the most neat, jolly, clean, handsome, and richly clothed : whereas the contrary is evident ; for those who most generally complain of their children being bewitched, are poor low creatures. Indeed the case is very plain. As they take less care of them, and frequently expose them to the weather, to extreme cold, and excessive heat, as well as many other inconveniences, they must of course be more subject to those sudden accidents. Nevertheless, with respect to the children of the gentry, other causes may give rise to this superstitious belief. We have heard of a lady, who, in her childhood, never went to church without being taken with some disorder. The reason was, that, in dressing her for the occasion, they tied her garments so strait as to impede the circulation of the blood. This cause, in a little time, produced the indisposition we have mentioned ; the reason of which she very well knew, and did not fail to lament : but it could never be driven out of the heads of the servants, that when she appeared in public, with the additional circumstances of beauty and rich apparel, she always suffered by an evil eye.

WE cannot help observing, that the common precaution taken against an evil eye, by hanging round

round the necks of children a little hand made of jet, or other figure, signifying derision and contempt, in order to defend them from the evil influence of envious eyes, is inherited by lawful succession from the superstition of the Gentiles.

AMONG the multitude of ridiculous deities which the Romans adored, there was one called FASCINO, upon whom they conferred that name, because they believed him capable of protecting persons from the power of Fascination. The image of this divinity, who was excessively ugly and extremely ridiculous, they not only hung to the necks of their infants, but even fixed to their triumphal chariots ; persuaded that those who appeared in all the glory of a triumph, were, as objects of the most rancorous envy, under the necessity of having some such protection. The conformity of the rites shews, that the custom of these days took its origin from the practice of antiquity.

THE argument which the patrons of Fascination use in favour of this opinion, by alledging the steams or noxious effluvia which proceed from some bodies, is of no weight nor consequence to the subject : first, because the motion of these effluvia does not depend upon the sense of seeing ; for he that is possessed of these effluvia will not fail

fail to send them forth, whether he does or does not look upon any object: secondly, because the course of them does not depend upon the affection of envy, or of love; but solely on the internal or external heat by which they are agitated, and exhaled from the body. It may be said, perhaps, that there is one particular kind of poisonous effluvia, which flows from the eyes only: but this is a new system of physics, invented at pleasure, for no other purpose than to support the other fable. But, granting that the pores of the eyes are the only conduits for these effluvia, as soon as they come forth, they must be dispersed in the circumambient air, like all other effluvia, instead of going in a straight line to the object of view. The action of looking can never direct them to the object, because, as we have already hinted, that action is immanent, to use the terms of philosophy: in other words, it has no effect outwards; but is wholly exerted within the organ of sight.

WITH respect to the other argument, founded on various examples of birds being killed, and mirrors broken, merely by being looked upon by those who possess this inherent venom, we shall answer them in the words of Vallis, *meræ nugæ, meræ fabulæ*.

E S S A Y X.

I TAKE the liberty to communicate to the public, a few loose thoughts upon a subject, which, though often handled, has not yet, in my opinion, been fully discussed: I mean National Concord, or Unanimity, which, in this kingdom, has been generally considered as a bare possibility, that existed nowhere but in speculation. Such an union is, perhaps, neither to be expected nor wished for, in a country whose liberty depends rather upon the genius of the people, than upon any precautions which they have taken in a constitutional way for the guard and preservation of this inestimable blessing.

THERE is a very honest gentleman with whom I have been acquainted these thirty years, during which there has not been one speech uttered against the Ministry in parliament, nor a struggle at an election for a burghers to serve in the House of Commons, nor a pamphlet published in opposition to any measure of the Administration, nor

even

even a private censure passed in his hearing upon the misconduct of any person concerned in public affairs, but he is immediately alarmed, and loudly exclaims against such factious doings, in order to set the people by the ears together at such a delicate juncture. "At any other time (says he) such opposition might not be improper, and I don't question the facts that are alledged; but at this crisis, Sir, to inflame the nation!—the man deserves to be punished as a traitor to his country." In a word, according to this Gentleman's opinion, the nation has been in a violent crisis at any time these thirty years; and were it possible for him to live another century, he would never find any period at which a man might with safety impugn the infallibility of a Minister.

THE case is no more than this: My honest friend has invested his whole fortune in the Stocks, on Government security, and trembles at every whiff of popular discontent. Were every British subject of the same tame and timid disposition, Magna Charta (to use the coarse phrase of Oliver Cromwell) would be no more regarded by an ambitious Prince than Magna F—ta, and the Liberties of England expire without a groan. Opposition, when restrained within due bounds, is the salubrious gale that ventilates the opinions of the people,

people, which might otherwise stagnate into the most abject submission. It may be said to purify the atmosphere of politics ; to dispel the gross vapours raised by the influence of Ministerial artifice and corruption, until the Constitution, like a mighty rock, stands full disclosed to the view of every individual who dwells within the shade of its protection. Even when this gale blows with augmented violence, it generally tends to the advantage of the Commonwealth : it awakes the apprehension, and consequently arouses all the faculties of the pilot at the helm, who redoubles his vigilance and caution, exerts his utmost skill, and, becoming acquainted with the nature of the navigation, in a little time learns to suit his canvass to the roughness of the sea, and the trim of the vessel. Without these intervening storms of Opposition to exercise his faculties, he would become enervate, negligent, and presumptuous ; and, in the wantonness of his power, trusting to some deceitful calm, perhaps hazard a step that would wreck the Constitution. Yet there is a measure in all things. A moderate frost will fertilize the glebe with nitrous particles, and destroy the eggs of pernicious insects, that prey upon the fancy of the year : but if this frost increases in severity and duration, it will chill the seeds, and even freeze up the roots of vegetables ; it will check the bloom,

bloom, nip the buds, and blast all the promise of the spring. The vernal breeze that drives the frogs before it, that brushes the cobwebs from the boughs, that fans the air and fosters vegetation, if augmented to a tempest, will strip the leaves, overthrow the tree, and desolate the garden. The auspicious gale before which the trim vessel plows the bosom of the sea, while the mariners are kept alert in duty and in spirits, if converted to a hurricane, overwhelms the crew with terror and confusion. The sails are rent, the cordage cracked, the masts give way; the master eyes the havock with mute despair, and the vessel founders in the storm. Opposition, when confined within its proper channel, sweeps away those beds of soil and banks of sand which corruptive power had gathered; but when it overflows its banks, and deluges the plain, its course is marked by ruin and devastation.

THE Opposition necessary in a free State like that of Great Britain, is not at all incompatible with that National Concord which ought to unite the people on all emergencies in which the general safety is at stake. It is the jealousy of patriotism, not the rancour of party; the warmth of candour, not the virulence of hate; a transient dispute among friends, not an implacable feud, that ad-

mits of no reconciliation. The history of all ages teems with the fatal effects of internal discord ; and were history and tradition annihilated, common sense would plainly point out the mischiefs that must arise from want of harmony and national union. Every school-boy can have recourse to the fable of the rods, which, when united in a bundle, no strength could bend ; but when separated into single twigs, a child could break with ease.

E S S A Y

E S S A Y XI.

I HAVE spent the greater part of my life in making observations on men and things, and in projecting schemes for the advantage of my country; and though my labours have met with an ungrateful return, I will still persist in my endeavours for its service, like that venerable, unshaken, and neglected patriot Mr. JACOB HENRIQUEZ, who, though of the Hebrew nation, hath exhibited a shining example of Christian fortitude and perseverance*. And here my conscience urges me to confess, that the hint upon which the following proposals are built, was taken from an advertisement of the said patriot HENRIQUEZ, in which he gives the public to understand, that Heaven had indulged him with “seven blessed

* A man well known at this period (1762), as well as during many preceding years, for the numerous schemes he was daily offering to various Ministers for the purpose of raising money by loans, paying off the national incumbrances, &c. &c. none of which, however, were ever known to have received the smallest notice.

daughters." Blessed they are, no doubt, on account of their own and their father's virtues; but more blessed may they be, if the scheme I offer should be adopted by the Legislature.

THE proportion which the number of females born in these kingdoms bears to the male children, is, I think, supposed to be as thirteen to fourteen: but as women are not so subject as the other sex to accidents and intemperance, in numbering adults we shall find the balance on the female side. If, in calculating the numbers of the people, we take in the multitudes that emigrate to the Plantations, from whence they never return, those that die at sea and make their exit at Tyburn, together with the consumption of the present war by sea and land in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, in the German and Indian Oceans, in Old France, New France, North America, the Leeward Islands, Germany, Africa, and Asia, we may fairly state the loss of men during the war at one hundred thousand. If this be the case, there must be a superplus of the other sex amounting to the same number, and this superplus will consist of women able to bear arms; as I take it for granted, that all those who are fit to bear children are likewise fit to bear arms. Now as we have seen the nation governed by old women, I hope to make appear that it may be defended by
young

young women ; and surely this scheme will not be rejected as unnecessary at such a juncture *, when our armies in the four quarters of the globe are in want of recruits ; when we find ourselves entangled in a new war with Spain, on the eve of a rupture in Italy, and indeed in a fair way of being obliged to make head against all the great Potentates of Europe.

BUT, before I unfold my design, it may be necessary to obviate, from experience as well as argument, the objections which may be made to the delicate frame and tender disposition of the female sex rendering them incapable of the toils, and insuperably averse to the horrors of war. All the world has heard of the nation of Amazons, who inhabited the banks of the river Thermodoon in Cappadocia ; who expelled their men by force of arms, defended themselves by their own prowess, managed the reins of government, prosecuted the operations in war, and held the other sex in the utmost contempt. We are informed by Homer, that Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, acted as auxiliary to Priam, and fell valiantly fighting in his cause before the walls of Troy. Quintus Curtius tells us, that Thalestris brought one hundred armed Amazons in a present

* In the year 1762.

to Alexander the Great. Diodorus Siculus expressly says, there was a nation of female warriors in Africa, who fought against the Lybian Hercules. We read in the Voyages of Columbus, that one of the Caribbee Islands was possessed by a tribe of female warriors, who kept all the neighbouring Indians in awe; but we need not go further than our own age and country to prove, that the spirit and constitution of the fair sex are equal to the dangers and fatigues of war. Every novice who has read the authentic and important History of the Pirates, is well acquainted with the exploits of two heroines, called **MARY READ** and **ANNE BONNY**. I myself have had the honour to drink with **ANNE CASSIER**, alias **MOTHER WADE**, who had distinguished herself among the Buccaneers of America, and in her old age kept a punch-house in Port-Royal of Jamaica. I have likewise conversed with **MOLL DAVIS**, who had served as a dragoon in all queen Anne's wars, and was admitted on the pension of Chelsea. The late war with Spain, and even the present, hath produced instances of females enlisting both in the land and sea service, and behaving with remarkable bravery in the disguise of the other sex. And who has not heard of the celebrated **JENNY CAMERON**, and some other enterprising ladies of North-Britain, who attended a certain
Adven-

Adventurer in all his expeditions, and headed their respective clans in a military character? That strength of body is often equal to the courage of mind implanted in the fair sex, will not be denied by those who have seen the water-women of Plymouth; the female drudges of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the fishwomen of Billingsgate; the weeders, podders, and hoppers, who swarm in the fields; and the bunters who swagger in the streets of London; not to mention the indefatigable trulls who follow the camp, and keep up with the line of march, though loaded with bantlings and other baggage.

THERE is scarcely a street in this metropolis without one or more viragos, who discipline their husbands and domineer over the whole neighbourhood. Many months are not elapsed since I was witness to a pitched battle between two athletic females, who fought with equal skill and fury until one of them gave out, after having sustained seven falls on the hard stones. They were both stripped to the under-petticoat; their breasts were carefully swathed with handkerchiefs, and as no vestiges of features were to be seen in either when I came up, I imagined the combatants were of the other sex, until a by-

stander assured me of the contrary, giving me to understand, that the conqueror had lain-in about five weeks of twin bastards, begot by her second, who was an Irish chairman. When I see the avenues of the Strand beset every night with troops of fierce Amazons, who, with dreadful imprecations, stop and beat and plunder passengers, I cannot help wishing, that such martial talents were converted to the benefit of the public; and that those who are so loaded with temporal fire, and so little afraid of eternal fire, should, instead of ruining the souls and bodies of their fellow-citizens, be put in a way of turning their destructive qualities against the enemies of the nation.

HAVING thus demonstrated that the fair sex are not deficient in strength and resolution, I would humbly propose, that as there is an excess on their side in quantity to the amount of one hundred thousand, part of that number may be employed in recruiting the army, as well as in raising thirty new Amazonian regiments, to be commanded by females, and serve in regimentals adapted to their sex. The Amazons of old appeared with the left breast bare, an open jacket, and trowsers that descended no farther than the knee; the right breast was destroyed,
that

that it might not impede them in bending the bow, or darting the javelin; but there is no occasion for this cruel excision in the present discipline, as we have seen instances of women who handle the musquet, without finding any inconvenience from that protuberance.

As the sex love gaiety, they may be cloathed in vests of pink sattin and open drawers of the same, with buskins on their feet and legs, their hair tied behind and floating on their shoulders, and their hats adorned with white feathers: they may be armed with light carbines and long bayonets, without the incumbrance of swords or shoulder-belts. I make no doubt but many young ladies of figure and fashion will undertake to raise companies at their own expence, provided they like their colonels; but I must insist upon it, if this scheme should be embraced, that Mr. HENRIQUEZ's seven blessed Daughters may be provided with commissions, as the project is in some measure owing to the hints of that venerable patriot. I moreover give it as my opinion, that Mrs. KITTY FISHER * shall have the command of a battalion, and the nomination of her own officers, provided she will warrant them all sound, and be content to wear proper badges of distinction.

* A celebrated Courtezan of that time.

A FEMALE brigade, properly disciplined and accoutred, would not, I am persuaded, be afraid to charge a numerous body of the enemy, over whom they would have a manifest advantage; for if the barbarous Scythians were ashamed to fight with the Amazons who invaded them, surely the French, who pique themselves on their sensibility and devotion to the fair sex, would not act upon the offensive against a band of female warriors, arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty.

ESSAY

E S S A Y XII.

AS I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

AMONGST a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming

such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants: but that, in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the other world.

THIS very *learned and judicious remark* was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company— all, I mean, but your Humble Servant; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping, by this means, to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

BUT my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every

every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him, that for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy: that, perhaps, a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I COULD easily perceive, that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done, than the patriotic gentleman observed, with
a con-

a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprized how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies. Finding that, by this modest declaration of my sentiments, I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning, and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

AMONG all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart) than that of the philosopher, who, being asked what "countryman he was," replied, that he was "a citizen of the world." How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession? We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world:

world : so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

DID these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners ; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen ; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristic mark of a gentleman ; for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet if he is not free from national and all other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find, that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on ; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural : the slender vine twists
around

around the sturdy oak for no other reason in the world, but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

SHOULD it be alledged in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer, that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow ; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm too are the growth of religion ; but who ever took it in his head to affirm, that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle ? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopt off, without doing any harm to the parent stock : nay, perhaps, till once they are lopt off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries ? that I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of
the

the world as cowards and poltrons ? Most certainly it is ; And if it were not—But what need I suppose what is absolutely impossible ?—But if it were not, I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, *viz.* a Citizen of the World, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever.

ESSAY

E S S A Y XIII.

AMIDST the frivolous pursuits and pernicious dissipations of the present age, a respect for the qualities of the understanding still prevails to such a degree, that almost every individual pretends to have a TASTE for the BELLES LETTRES. The spruce prentice sets up for a critic, and the puny beau piques himself upon being a connoisseur. Without assigning causes for this universal presumption, we shall proceed to observe, that if it was attended with no other inconvenience than that of exposing the pretender to the ridicule of those few who can sift his pretensions, it might be unnecessary to undeceive the public, or to endeavour at the reformation of innocent folly, productive of no evil to the commonwealth. But in reality this folly is productive of manifold evils to the community. If the reputation of TASTE can be acquired without the least assistance of literature, by reading modern poems, and seeing modern plays, what person will deny himself the pleasure

sure of such an easy qualification? Hence the youth of both sexes are debauched to diversion, and seduced from much more profitable occupations into idle endeavours after literary fame; and a superficial false Taste, founded on ignorance and conceit, takes possession of the public. The acquisition of learning, the study of nature, is neglected as superfluous labour; and the best faculties of the mind remain unexercised, and indeed unopened, by the power of thought and reflection. False Taste will not only diffuse itself through all our amusements, but even influence our moral and political conduct: for what is false Taste, but want of perception to discern propriety and distinguish beauty?

It has been often alledged, that Taste is a natural talent, as independent of art as strong eyes, or a delicate sense of smelling; and, without all doubt, the principal ingredient in the composition of Taste is a natural sensibility, without which it cannot exist; but it differs from the senses in this particular, that they are finished by nature; whereas Taste cannot be brought to perfection without proper cultivation: for Taste pretends to judge not only of nature, but also of art; and that judgment is founded upon observation and comparison.

WHAT

WHAT Horace has said of Genius, is still more applicable to Taste.

*Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quasitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ:
Nec rude quid profit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicè.*

HOR. ART. POET.

'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
From *Art* or *Nature* their best right to fame;
But *Art*, if not enrich'd by *Nature's* vein,
And a rude *Genius* of uncultur'd strain,
Are useless both; but, when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succour in each other find.

FRANCIS.

We have seen *Genius* shine without the help of *Art*; but *Taste* must be cultivated by *Art*, before it will produce agreeable fruit. This, however, we must still inculcate with Quintilian, that study, precept, and observation, will nought avail, without the assistance of nature:

Illud tamen imprimis testandum est, nihil præcepta atque artes valere, nisi adjuvante naturâ.

YET even though Nature has done her part, by implanting the seeds of taste, great pains must be taken, and great skill exerted, in raising them to a proper pitch of vegetation. The judicious
Tutor

Tutor must gradually and tenderly unfold the mental faculties of the Youth committed to his charge. He must cherish his delicate perception; store his mind with proper ideas; point out the different channels of observation; teach him to compare objects; to establish the limits of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; to distinguish beauty from tinsel, and grace from affectation; in a word, to strengthen and improve by culture, experience, and instruction, those natural powers of feeling and sagacity, which constitute the faculty called **TASTE**, and enable the professor to enjoy the delights of the **BELLES LETTRES**.

WE cannot agree in opinion with those who imagine that Nature has been equally favourable to all men, in conferring upon them a fundamental capacity, which may be improved to all the refinement of Taste and Criticism. Every day's experience convinces us of the contrary. Of two Youths educated under the same Preceptor, instructed with the same care, and cultivated with the same assiduity, one shall not only comprehend, but even anticipate the lessons of his Master, by dint of natural discernment; while the other toils in vain to imbibe the least tincture of instruction. Such indeed is the distinction between Genius and Stupidity, which every man has an opportunity of
feeling

seeing among his friends and acquaintance. Not that we ought too hastily to decide upon the natural capacities of children, before we have maturely considered the peculiarity of disposition, and the bias by which Genius may be strangely warped from the common path of education. A Youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the classics, may, nevertheless, make great progress in mathematics; nay, he may have a strong genius for the mathematics, without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid; because his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is so intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view, that it cannot perceive it in any other. We have known an instance of a Boy, who, while his Master complained that he had not capacity to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power of his genius, formed a mathematical system of his own, discovered a series of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction. Besides, in the education of Youth, we ought to remember, that some capacities are like the *pyra præcocia*; they soon blow, and soon attain to all that degree of maturity which they are capable of acquiring; while, on the other hand, there are geniuses of slow growth,

growth, that are late in bursting the bud and long in ripening. Yet the first shall yield a faint blossom and insipid fruit; whereas the produce of the other shall be distinguished and admired for its well-concocted juice and exquisite flavour. We have known a Boy of five years of age surprise every body by playing on the violin in such a manner as seemed to promise a prodigy in music. He had all the assistance that Art could afford; by the age of ten, his genius was at the *acme*; yet after that period, notwithstanding the most intense application, he never gave the least signs of improvement. At six he was admired as a miracle of music; at six and twenty, he was neglected as an ordinary fiddler. The celebrated DEAN SWIFT was a remarkable instance in the other extreme. He was long considered as an incorrigible dunce, and did not obtain his degree at the University but *ex speciali gratia*: yet when his powers began to unfold, he signalized himself by a very remarkable superiority of genius. When a Youth, therefore, appears dull of apprehension, and seems to derive no advantage from study and instruction, the Tutor must exercise his sagacity in discovering whether the soil be absolutely barren, or sown with seed repugnant to its nature, or of such a quality as requires repeated culture and length of time to set its juices in fermentation. These observations, however,

however, relate to Capacity in general, which we ought carefully to distinguish from Taste. Capacity implies the power of retaining what is received ; Taste is the power of relishing or rejecting whatever is offered for the entertainment of the imagination. A man may have capacity to acquire what is called Learning and Philosophy ; but he must have also sensibility before he feels those emotions with which Taste receives the impressions of beauty.

NATURAL Taste is apt to be seduced and debauched by vicious precept and bad example. There is a dangerous tinsel in false Taste, by which the unwary mind and young imagination are often fascinated. Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing. Simplicity in this acceptation has a larger signification than either the *ἀπλόον* of the Greeks, or the *simplex* of the Latins ; for it implies beauty. It is the *ἀπλόον καὶ ἡδύ* of Demetrius Phalereus, the *simplex munditiis* of Horace, and expressed by one word, *naïveté* in the French language. It is, in fact, no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament. In statuary, it is the Venus of Medicis ; in architecture, the Pantheon. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the instances of this
natural

natural simplicity that occur in poetry and painting, among the antients and moderns. We shall only mention two examples of it, the beauty of which consists in the pathetic.

ANAXAGORAS, the philosopher and preceptor of Pericles, being told that both his sons were dead, laid his hand upon his heart, and, after a short pause, consoled himself with a reflection couched in three words, ἤδην θνητὸς γέννηχώς, "I knew they were mortal." The other instance we select from the tragedy of Macbeth. The gallant Macduff, being informed that his wife and children were murdered by order of the tyrant, pulls his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out into an exclamation of four words, the most expressive, perhaps, that ever were uttered: "He has no children." This is the energetic language of simple nature, which is now grown into disrepute. By the present mode of education we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, and all simplicity in manners is rejected. We are taught to disguise and distort our sentiments, until the faculty of thinking is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation. Our perception is abused, and even our senses are perverted. Our minds

lose their native force and flavour. The imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid bloom. The genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, extending its branches on every side, and bearing delicious fruit, resembles a stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, yielding no fruit, and affording nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

THUS debauched from Nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder. It has been often alledged that the passions can never be wholly deposited; and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers: but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay sometimes totally extinguished, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often, at the theatre, is the tear of sympathy and the burst of laughter repressed by a ridiculous species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience? This seeming insensibility is not owing to any original defect. Nature
has

has stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displaced and distracted by the violence of pride ; it may have lost its tone through long disuse ; or be so twisted or overstrained, as to produce the most jarring discords.

IF so little regard is paid to Nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A person must have delicate feelings that can taste the celebrated repartee in Terence : *Homo sum ; nihil humani à me alienum puto* : “ I am a man ; therefore think I have an interest in every thing that concerns humanity.” A clear blue sky spangled with stars will prove an insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches and tapers, gilding and glitter ; eyes that will turn with disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy silken robe, striped and intersected with unfriendly tints that fritter the masses of light and distract the vision, pinked into the most fantastic forms, flounced, and furbelowed, and fringed with all the littleness of art unknown to elegance.

THOSE ears that are offended by the notes of the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale, will be regaled and ravished by the squeaking fiddle touched by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers : they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, and the alarming knock by which the doors of fashionable people are so loudly distinguished. The sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loath the fragrance of new-mown hay, the sweet-briar, the honey-suckle, and the rose. The organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal bled into a palsy, crammed fowls, and dropfical brawn, pease without substance, peaches without taste, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welch beef, Banstead mutton, and barn-d or fowls, whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise. In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented ; the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment, of consequence, unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It will prefer Ovid to Tibullus, and the rant of Lee to the tenderness of Otway.

The

The soul sinks into a kind of sleepy ideotism ; and is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten and dance before the eye ; and, like an infant, is kept awake and inspirited by the sound of a rattle. It must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue ; a kind of low juggle, which may be termed the legerdemain of Genius.

IN this state of depravity the mind cannot enjoy, nor, indeed, distinguish the charms of natural and moral beauty and decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of antient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the Charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence, extended even to the brute creation, nay the very crimson glow of health, and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed, as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition. Thus we see how moral and natural beauty are connected ; and of what importance it is, even to the formation of Taste, that the manners should be severely superintended. This is a task

which ought to take the lead of science ; for we will venture to say, that Virtue is the foundation of Taste ; or rather, that Virtue and Taste are built upon the same foundation of sensibility, and cannot be disjoined without offering violence to both. But Virtue must be informed, and Taste instructed, otherwise they will both remain imperfect and ineffectual :

*Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes,
Quod sit Conscripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profectò
Reddere persona scit convenientia cuique.*

The Critic, who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes ;
How various Nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest ;
What the great functions of our judges are,
Of Senators, and General sent to war ;
He can distinguish, with unerring art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.

HOR.

Thus we see Taste is composed of Nature improved by Art ; of Feeling tutored by Instruction.

ESSAY

E S S A Y XIV.

HAVING explained what we conceive to be True Taste, and in some measure accounted for the prevalence of Vitiated Taste, we shall proceed to point out the most effectual manner in which a natural capacity may be improved into a delicacy of judgment, and an intimate acquaintance with the BELLES LETTRES. We shall take it for granted that proper means have been used to form the manners, and attach the mind to virtue. The heart cultivated by precept, and warmed by example, improves in sensibility, which is the foundation of Taste. By distinguishing the influence and scope of morality, and cherishing the ideas of benevolence, it acquires a habit of sympathy which tenderly feels responsive, like the vibration of unisons, every touch of moral beauty. Hence it is that a man of a social heart, entended by the practice of virtue, is awakened to the most pathetic emotions by every uncommon instance of generosity, compassion, and greatness of soul. Is

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there

there any man so deal to Sentiment, so lost to Humanity, as to read unmoved the generous behaviour of the Romans to the States of Greece, as it is recounted by Livy, or embellished by Thomson in his Poem of Liberty? Speaking of Greece in the decline of her power, when her freedom no longer existed, he says :

As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp !
 Her full-assembled youth innumerable swar'm'd,
 On a tribunal rais'd * FLAMINIUS sat ;
 A victor he from the deep Phalanx pierc'd
 Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
 The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
 While sport alone their unambitious hearts
 Possess'd ; the sudden trumpet sounding hoarse,
 Bad silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
 Then thus a herald—" To the states of Greece
 The Roman People, unconfined, restore
 Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws ;
 Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."
 The crowd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
 Star'd dubious round ; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
 (Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
 Is lost in anxious joy) " Be that again,
 —Be that again proclaim'd distinct and loud !"
 Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd ;
 And still as midnight in the rural shade,
 When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
 Awhile severe amazement held them mute,

* His real name was QUINTUS FLAMINIUS.

Then

Then bursting broad, the boundless shout to heav'n
 From many a thousand hearts extatic sprung !
 On ev'ry hand rebellow'd to them joy ;
 The swelling sea, the rocks and vocal hills—
 —Like Bacchanals they flew,
 Each other straining in a strict embrace,
 Nor strain'd a slave ; and loud acclaims, 'till night,
 Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.

To one acquainted with the Genius of Greece,
 the character and disposition of that polished people,
 admired for science, renowned for an unextinguishable love of freedom, nothing can be more affecting than this instance of generous magnanimity of the Roman People, in restoring them, unasked, to the full fruition of those liberties which they had so unfortunately lost.

THE mind of Sensibility is equally struck by the generous confidence of Alexander, who drinks without hesitation the potion presented by his physician Philip, even after he had received intimation that poison was contained in the cup : a noble and pathetic scene ! which hath acquired new dignity and expression under the inimitable pencil of a LE SUEUR. Humanity is melted into tears of tender admiration by the deportment of Henry IV. of France, while his rebellious subjects compelled him to form the blockade of his capital. In

chastising his enemies, he could not but remember they were his people ; and knowing they were reduced to the extremity of famine, he generously connived at the methods practised to supply them with provision. Chancing one day to meet two peasants who had been detected in these practices, as they were led to execution they implored his clemency, declaring in the sight of Heaven, they had no other way to procure subsistence for their wives and children. He pardoned them on the spot, and, giving them all the money that was in his purse, " Henry of Bearne is poor (said he) ; had he more money to afford, you should have it—go home to your families in peace ; and remember your duty to God, and your allegiance to your Sovereign." Innumerable examples of the same kind may be selected from history, both antient and modern, the study of which we would therefore strenuously recommend.

HISTORICAL knowledge, indeed, becomes necessary on many other accounts, which in its place we will explain : but as the formation of the heart is of the first consequence, and should precede the cultivation of the understanding, such striking instances of superior virtue ought to be culled for the perusal of the young pupil, who will read them with eagerness, and revolve them with pleasure.

pleasure. Thus the young mind becomes enamoured of moral beauty, and the passions are lifted on the side of humanity. Meanwhile knowledge of a different species will go hand in hand with the advances of morality, and the understanding be gradually extended. Virtue and sentiment reciprocally assist each other, and both conduce to the improvement of perception. While the scholar's chief attention is employed in learning the Latin and Greek languages, and this is generally the task of childhood and early youth, it is even then the business of the Preceptor to give his mind a turn for observation, to direct his powers of discernment, to point out the distinguishing marks of character, and dwell upon the charms of moral and intellectual beauty, as they may chance to occur in the Classics that are used for his instruction. In reading Cornelius Nepos and Plutarch's Lives, even with a view to grammatical improvement only, he will insensibly imbibe and learn to compare ideas of greater importance. He will become enamoured of virtue and patriotism, and acquire a detestation for vice, cruelty, and corruption. The perusal of the Roman story in the works of Florus, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus, will irresistibly engage his attention, expand his conception, cherish his memory, exercise his judgement, and warm him with a noble spirit of

emulation. He will contemplate with love and admiration the disinterested candour of Aristides, surnamed the Just, whom the guilty cabals of his rival Themistocles exiled from his ungrateful country by a sentence of Ostracism. He will be surprised to learn, that one of his fellow-citizens, an illiterate artisan, bribed by his enemies, chancing to meet him in the street without knowing his person, desired he would write Aristides on his shell (which was the method those plebeians used to vote against delinquents), when the innocent patriot wrote his own name without complaint or expostulation. He will with equal astonishment applaud the inflexible integrity of Fabricius, who preferred the poverty of innocence to all the pomp of affluence with which Pyrrhus endeavoured to seduce him from the arms of his country. He will approve with transport the noble generosity of his soul in rejecting the proposal of that Prince's physician, who offered to take him off by poison; and in sending the traitor bound to his sovereign, whom he would have so basely and cruelly betrayed.

IN reading the antient authors, even for the purposes of school education, the unformed Taste will begin to relish the irresistible energy, greatness and sublimity of Homer, the serene majesty, the melody and pathos of Virgil,
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the tenderness of Sappho and Tibullus, the elegance and propriety of Terence ; the grace, vivacity, satire, and sentiment of Horace.

NOTHING will more conduce to the improvement of the scholar in his knowledge of the languages, as well as in Taste and morality, than his being obliged to translate choice parts and passages of the most approved Classics, both poetry and prose, especially the latter ; such as the orations of Demosthenes and Isocrates, the Treatise of Longinus on the Sublime, the Commentaries of Cæsar, the Epistles of Cicero and the Younger Pliny, and the two celebrated speeches in the Catilinarian conspiracy, by Sallust. By this practice he will become more intimate with the beauties of the writing and the idioms of the language from which he translates ; at the same time it will form his style, and, by exercising his talent of expression, make him a more perfect master of his mother tongue. Cicero tells us, that in translating two orations which the most celebrated orators of Greece pronounced against each other, he performed this task not as a servile interpreter but as an orator, preserving the sentiments, forms, and figures of the original, but adapting the expression to the taste and manners of the Romans:—
*“ In quibus non verbum pro verbo necesse habui red-
dere,*

dere, sed genus omnium verborum vimque servavi;" in which I did not think it was necessary to translate literally word for word, but I preserved the natural and full scope of the whole." Of the same opinion was Horace, who says in his Art of Poetry,

"Nec verbo verbum curabis reddere fidus Interpres—"

Nor word for word translate with painful care—

Nevertheless, in taking the liberty here granted, we are apt to run into the other extreme, and substitute equivalent thoughts and phrases, 'till hardly any features of the original remain. The metaphors of figures, especially in poetry, ought to be as religiously preserved as the images of painting, which we cannot alter or exchange without destroying, or injuring at least, the character and style of the original.

IN this manner the Preceptor will sow the seeds of that Taste which will soon germinate, rise, blossom, and produce perfect fruit by dint of future care and cultivation. In order to restrain the luxuriancy of the young imagination, which is apt to run riot, to enlarge the stock of ideas, exercise the reason, and ripen the judgement, the pupil must be engaged in the severer study of Science. He must learn Geometry, which Plato recommends
for

for strengthening the mind, and enabling it to think with precision. He must be made acquainted with Geography and Chronology, and trace Philosophy through all her branches. Without Geography and Chronology he will not be able to acquire a distinct idea of History; nor judge of the propriety of many interesting scenes, and a thousand allusions that present themselves in the works of Genius. Nothing opens the mind so much as the researches of Philosophy; they inspire us with sublime conceptions of the Creator, and subject, as it were, all Nature to our command. These bestow that liberal turn of thinking, and in a great measure contribute to that universality in learning by which a man of Taste ought to be eminently distinguished. But History is the inexhaustible source from which he will derive his most useful knowledge, respecting the progress of the human mind, the constitution of government, the rise and decline of empires, the revolution of Arts, the variety of Character, and the vicissitudes of Fortune.

THE knowledge of History enables the Poet not only to paint characters, but also to describe magnificent and interesting scenes of battle and adventure. Not that the Poet or Painter ought to be restrained to the letter of historical truth. History
repre-

represents what has really happened in Nature ; the other Arts exhibit what might have happened, with such exaggeration of circumstance and feature as may be deemed an improvement on Nature : but this exaggeration must not be carried beyond the bounds of probability ; and these, generally speaking, the knowledge of History will ascertain. It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find a man actually existing, whose proportions should answer to those of the Greek statue distinguished by the name of the Apollo of Belvedere ; or to produce a woman similar in proportion of parts to the other celebrated piece called the Venus de Medicis ; therefore it may be truly affirmed, that they are not conformable to the real standard of Nature : nevertheless, every Artist will own that they are the very archetypes of grace, elegance, and symmetry ; and every judging eye must behold them with admiration as improvements on the lines and lineaments of Nature. The truth is, the sculptor or statuary composed the various proportions in Nature from a great number of different subjects, every individual of which he found imperfect or defective in some one particular, though beautiful in all the rest ; and from these observations, corroborated by taste and judgement, he formed an ideal pattern according to which his idea was modelled, and produced in execution.

EVERY

EVERY body knows the story of Zeuxis, the famous painter of Heraclea, who, according to Pliny, invented the *chiaro oscuro*, or disposition of light and shade, among the ancients, and excelled all his cotemporaries in the chromatique, or art of colouring. This great artist being employed to draw a perfect beauty in the character of Helen, to be placed in the Temple of Juno, culled out five of the most beautiful damsels the city could produce, and, selecting what was excellent in each, combined them in one picture according to the predisposition of his fancy, so that it shone forth an amazing model of perfection*. In like manner, every man of Genius, regulated by true Taste, entertains in his imagination an ideal beauty, conceived and cultivated as an improvement upon Nature : and this we refer to the article of Invention.

IT is the business of Art to imitate Nature, but not with a servile pencil ; and to chuse those atti-

* Præbete quæso, inquit, ex istis virginibus formosissimas, dum pingo id quod pollicitus sum vobis, ut mutum in simulacrum ex animali exemplo veritas transferatur. Ille autem quinque delegit. Neque enim putavit omnia quæ quærere ad venustatem uno in corpore se reperire posse ; ideo quod nihil simplici in genere omnibus ex partibus perfectum natura excolivit. CIC. Lib. 2. de Inv. cap. 1.

tudes and dispositions only, which are beautiful and engaging. With this view we must avoid all disagreeable prospects of Nature which excite the ideas of abhorrence and disgust. For example, a Painter would not find his account in exhibiting the resemblance of a dead carcase half consumed by vermin, or of swine wallowing in ordure, or of a beggar lousing himself on a dunghill, though these scenes should be painted never so naturally, and all the world must allow that the scenes were taken from Nature, because the merit of the imitation would be greatly over-balanced by the vile choice of the Artist. There are, nevertheless, many scenes of horror which please in the representation, from a certain interesting greatness which we shall endeavour to explain, when we come to consider the Sublime.

WERE we to judge every production by the rigorous rules of Nature, we should reject the Iliad of Homer, the Æneid of Virgil, and every celebrated tragedy of antiquity and the present times, because there is no such thing in Nature as an Hector or Turnus talking in hexameter, or an Othello in blank verse: we should condemn the Hercules of Sophocles, and the Miser of Moliere, because we never knew a hero so strong as the one, or a wretch so fordid as the other. But if we consider

sider Poetry as an elevation of natural dialogue, as a delightful vehicle for conveying the noblest sentiments of heroism and patriot virtue, to regale the sense with the sounds of musical expression, while the fancy is ravished with enchanting images, and the heart warmed to rapture and ecstasy, we must allow that Poetry is a perfection to which Nature would gladly aspire ; and that though it surpasses, it does not deviate from her, provided the characters are marked with propriety and sustained with Genius. Characters therefore, both in Poetry and Painting, may be a little overcharged or exaggerated without offering violence to Nature ; nay, they must be exaggerated in order to be striking, and to preserve the idea of Imitation, from whence the reader and spectator derive in many instances their chief delight. If we meet a common acquaintance in the street, we see him without emotion ; but should we chance to spy his portrait well executed, we are struck with pleasing admiration. In this case the pleasure arises entirely from the Imitation. We every day hear unmoved the natives of Ireland and Scotland speaking their own dialects ; but should an Englishman mimic either, we are apt to burst out into a loud laugh of applause, being surprised and tickled by the Imitation alone ; though, at the same time, we cannot but allow that the Imitation

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is imperfect. We are more affected by reading Shakespeare's description of Dover Cliff, and Otway's Picture of the Old Hag, than we should be, were we actually placed on the summit of the one, or met in reality with such a beldame as the other; because in reading these descriptions we refer to our own experience, and perceive with surprise the justness of the Imitations. But if it is so close as to be mistaken for Nature, the pleasure then will cease, because the *μίμησις*; or Imitation no longer appears.

ARISTOTLE says, that all Poetry and Music is Imitation*, whether epic, tragic, or comic, whether vocal or instrumental, from the pipe or the lyre. He observes, that in man there is a propensity to imitate even from his infancy; that the first perceptions of the mind are acquired by Imitation; and seems to think that the pleasure derived from Imitation is the gratification of an appetite implanted by Nature. We should rather think the pleasure it gives, arises from the mind's contemplating that excellency of Art which thus

* Εποποιεῖα δὴ καὶ ἡ τῆς τραγωδίας ποίησις, ἔτι δὲ κωμῳδία καὶ ἡ διδυραμβοποίησις, καὶ τῆς αὐλιτικῆς ἡ πλείστη καὶ κιθαριστικῆς, πᾶσαι τοῦ χαίρουσι οὕτως μίμησις εἰς τὸ σινολόν.

rivals Nature, and seems to vie with her in creating such a striking resemblance of her works. Thus the Arts may be justly termed Imitative, even in the article of Invention : for, in forming a character, contriving an incident, and describing a scene, he must still keep Nature in view, and refer every particular of his invention to her standard ; otherwise his production will be destitute of truth and probability, without which the beauties of Imitation cannot subsist. It will be a monster of incongruity, such as Horace alludes to, in the beginning of his Epistle to the Pisos :

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Fungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem, mulier formosa superne !
Spectatum admitti ; risum teneatis, amici ?*

Suppose a painter to a human head
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts absurdly join'd ;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waist with every charm array'd ;
Should a foul fish her lower parts unfold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold ?

THE magazine of Nature supplies all those images which compose the most beautiful Imitations.

tions. This the Artift examines occasionally, as he would consult a collection of masterly sketches; and, selecting particulars for his purpose, mingles the ideas with a kind of enthusiasm, or τὴ Δεῖσις, which is that gift of heaven we call Genius, and finally produces such a whole, as commands admiration and applause.

ESSAY

E S S A Y XV.

THE study of Polite Literature is generally supposed to include all the Liberal Arts of Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Eloquence, and Architecture. All these are founded on imitation : and all of them mutually assist and illustrate each other. But as Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Architecture, cannot be perfectly attained without long practice of manual operation, we shall distinguish them from Poetry and Eloquence, which depend entirely on the faculties of the mind ; and on these last, as on the Arts, which immediately constitute the BELLES LETTRES, employ our attention in the present enquiry : or, if it should run to a greater length than we propose, it shall be confined to Poetry alone ; a subject that comprehends in its full extent the province of Taste, or what is called Polite Literature ; and differs essentially from Eloquence, both in its end and origin.

POETRY sprung from ease, and was consecrated to pleasure ; whereas Eloquence arose from necessity, and aims at conviction. When we say Poetry

try sprang from ease, perhaps we ought to except that species of it which owed its rise to inspiration and enthusiasm, and properly belonged to the culture of religion. In the first ages of mankind, and even in the original state of Nature, the unlettered mind must have been struck with sublime conceptions, with admiration and awe, by those great phænomena, which, though every day repeated, can never be viewed without internal emotion. Those would break forth in exclamations expressive of the passion produced, whether surprise or gratitude, terror or exultation. The rising, the apparent course, the setting, and seeming renovation of the sun ; the revolution of light and darkness ; the splendour, change, and circuit of the moon, and the canopy of heaven bespangled with stars, must have produced expressions of wonder and adoration. “ O glorious luminary ! great eye of the world ! source of that light which guides my steps ! of that heat which warms me when chilled with cold ! of that influence which cheers the face of Nature ! whither dost thou retire every evening with the shades ? Whence dost thou spring every morning with renovated lustre, and never-fading glory ? Art not thou the ruler, the creator, the God, of all that I behold ? I adore thee, as thy child, thy slave, thy suppliant ! I crave thy protection, and the continuance

nuance of thy goodness ! Leave me not to perish with cold, or to wander solitary in utter darkness ! Return, return, after thy wonted absence : drive before thee the gloomy clouds that would obscure the face of Nature. The birds begin to warble, and every animal is filled with gladness at thy approach : even the trees, the herbs, and the flowers, seem to rejoice with fresher beauties, and send forth a grateful incense to thy power, from whence their origin is derived !” A number of individuals, inspired with the same ideas, would join in these orisons, which would be accompanied with corresponding gesticulations of the body. They would be improved by practice, and grow regular from repetition. The sounds and gestures would naturally fall into measured cadence. Thus the song and dance would be produced ; and a system of worship being formed, the Muse would be consecrated to the purposes of religion.

HENCE those forms of thanksgivings, and litanies of supplication, with which the religious rites of all nations, even the most barbarous, are at this day celebrated in every quarter of the known world. Indeed this is a circumstance in which all nations surprisngly agree, how much soever they may differ in every other article of

laws, customs, manners, and religion. The ancient Egyptians celebrated the festivals of their god Apis with hymns and dances. The superstition of the Greeks, partly derived from the Egyptians, abounded with poetical ceremonies, such as chorus's and hymns, sung and danced at their apotheoses, sacrifices, games, and divinations. The Romans had their *carmen seculare*, and Salian priests, who, on certain festivals, sung and danced through the streets of Rome. The Israelites were famous for this kind of exultation: "And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, &c."—"And David danced before the Lord with all his might."—The psalms composed by this monarch, the songs of Deborah and Isaiah, are farther confirmations of what we have advanced.

FROM the Phœnicians the Greeks borrowed the curled Orthyian song, when they sacrificed their children to Diana. The Poetry of the Bards constituted great part of the religious ceremonies among the Gauls and Britons; and the carousals of the Goths were religious institutions, celebrated with songs of triumph. The Mahometan

tan Dervise dances to the sound of the flute, and whirls himself round until he grows giddy, and falls into a trance. Their Marabous compose hymns in praise of Allah. The Chinese celebrate their grand festivals with processions of idols, songs, and instrumental music. The Tartars, Samoiedes, Laplanders, Negroes, even the Cafres called Hottentots, solemnize their worship (such as it is) with songs and dancing ; so that we may venture to say, Poetry is the universal vehicle in which all nations have expressed their most sublime conceptions.

POETRY was, in all appearance, previous to any concerted plan of worship, and to every established system of legislation. When certain individuals, by dint of superior prowess or understanding, had acquired the veneration of their fellow savages, and erected themselves into divinities on the ignorance and superstition of mankind; then mythology took place, and such a swarm of deities arose, as produced a religion replete with the most shocking absurdities. Those whom their superior talents had deified, were found to be still actuated by the most brutal passions of human nature ; and, in all probability, their votaries were glad to find such examples to countenance their own vicious inclinations. Thus fornication, incest,

cest, rape, and even bestiality, were sanctified by the amours of Jupiter, Pan, Mars, Venus, and Apollo. Theft was patronized by Mercury; drunkenness by Bacchus; and cruelty by Diana. The same heroes and legislators, those who delivered their country, founded cities, established societies, invented useful arts, or contributed in any eminent degree to the security and happiness of their fellow-creatures, were inspired by the same lusts and appetites which domineered among the inferior classes of mankind; therefore every vice incident to human nature was celebrated in the worship of one or other of these divinities; and every infirmity consecrated by public feast and solemn sacrifice. In these institutions the Poet bore a principal share. It was his genius that contrived the plan, that executed the form of worship, and recorded in verse the origin and adventures of their gods and demi-gods. Hence the impurities and horrors of certain rites; the groves of Paphos and Baal-Peor; the orgies of Bacchus; the human sacrifices to Moloch and Diana. Hence the theogony of Hesiod; the theology of Homer; and those innumerable maxims scattered through the antient Poets, inviting mankind to gratify their sensual appetites, in imitation of the gods, who were certainly the best judges of happiness. It is well known, that

Plato

Plato expelled Homer from his commonwealth, on account of the infamous characters by which he hath distinguished his deities; as well as for some depraved sentiments which he found diffused through the course of the Iliad and Odyssey. Cicero enters into the spirit of Plato, and exclaims in his first book *De Natura Deorum*, *Nec multa absurdiora sunt ea, quæ, poetarum vocibus fusa, ipsa suavitate nocuerunt: qui, & ira inflammatos, & libidine furentes, induxerunt Deos, feceruntque ut eorum bella, pugnas, prælia, vulnera videremus: odia præterea, dissidia, discordias, ortus, interitus, querelas, lamentationes, effusas in omni intemperantiâ libidines, adulteria, vincula, cum humano genere concubitus, mortalesque ex immortali procreatos.* “Nor are those things much more absurd which, flowing from the Poet’s tongue, have done mischief even by the sweetness of his expression. The Poets have introduced gods inflamed with anger and enraged with lust; and even produced before our eyes their wars, their wrangling, their duels, and their wounds. They have exposed besides, their antipathies, animosities, and dissensions; their origin and death; their complaints and lamentations; their appetites, indulged to all manner of excess, their adul-

teries, their fetters, their amorous commerce with the human species; and from immortal parents derived a mortal offspring."

As the festivals of the gods necessarily produced good cheer, which was often carried to riot and debauchery, mirth of consequence prevailed; and this was always attended with buffoonery. Taunts and jokes, and raillery and repartee, would necessarily ensue; and individuals would contend for the victory in wit and genius. These contests would in time be reduced to some regulations, for the entertainment of the people thus assembled, and some prize would be decreed to him who was judged to excel his rivals. The candidates for fame and profit being thus stimulated, would task their talents, and naturally recommend these alternate recriminations to the audience, by clothing them with a kind of poetical measure, which should bear a near resemblance to prose. Thus, as the solemn service of the day was composed in the most sublime species of Poetry, such as the ode or hymn, the subsequent altercation was carried on in Iambics, and gave rise to Satire. We are told by the Stagyrte, that the highest species of Poetry was employed in celebrating great actions; but the humbler sort used in this kind of
con-

contention * ; and that in the ages of antiquity there were some bards that professed Heroics, and some that pretended to Iambics only. Οἱ μὲν τραϊκῶν, οἱ δὲ ἰαμβῶν ποιηταί.

To these rude beginnings we not only owe the birth of Satire, but likewise the origin of Dramatic Poetry. Tragedy herself, which afterwards attained to such dignity as to rival the Epic Muse, was at first no other than a trial of Crambo, or Iambics, between two peasants, and a goat was the prize, as Horace calls it, *vile certamen ob hircum* ; “ a mean contest for a he-goat.” Hence the name τραγωδία, signifying the goat-song, from τραγός *hircus*, and ᾠδή *carmen*.

*Carminē qui tragico vīlem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavit, & asper
Incolūmi gravitate jocū tentavit, eo quod
Illecebris erat & gratā novitate morandus
Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus & exlex.* HOR.

The tragic bard, a goat his humble prize,
Bade satyrs naked and uncouth arise ;
His muse severe, secure and undisarm'd,
The rustic joke in solemn strain convey'd ;
For novelty alone he knew could charm
A lawless croud, with wine and feasting warm.

* Οἱ μὲν γὰρ σεμνότεροί, τὰς καλὰς ἐμιμουτο πράξεις
——οἱ δὲ εὐτελεστεροί, τὰς τῶν φαυλῶν, πρῶτον ψόγους
ποιῶντες.

SATIRE then was originally a clownish dialogue in loose Iambics, so called because the actors were disguised like satyrs, who not only recited the praises of Bacchus, or some other deity, but interspersed their hymns with sarcastic jokes and altercation. Of this kind is the *Cyclop* of Euripides, in which Ulysses is the principal actor. The Romans also had their *Atellanæ* or interludes of the same nature, so called from the city of *Atella*, where they were first acted : but these were highly polished in comparison of the original entertainment, which was altogether rude and indecent. Indeed the *Cyclop* itself, though composed by the accomplished Euripides, abounds with such impurity, as ought not to appear on the stage of any civilized nation.

It is very remarkable, that the *Atellanæ*, which were in effect tragi-comedies, grew into such esteem among the Romans, that the performers in these pieces enjoyed several privileges which were refused to the ordinary actors. They were not obliged to unmask, like the other players, when their action was disagreeable to the audience. They were admitted into the army, and enjoyed the privileges of free citizens, without incurring that disgrace which was affixed to the characters
of

of other actors *. The Poet Laberius, who was of equestrian order, being pressed by Julius Cæsar to act a part in his own performance, complied with great reluctance, and complained of the dishonour he had incurred, in his prologue preserved by Macrobius, which is one of the most elegant morsels of antiquity.

TRAGEDY and Comedy flowed from the same fountain, though their streams were soon divided. The same entertainment which, under the name of *Tragedy*, was rudely exhibited by clowns, for the prize of a goat, near some rural altar of Bacchus, assumed the appellation of *Comedy* when it was transferred into cities, and represented with a little more decorum in a cart or waggon, that strolled from street to street, as the name *κωμῳδία* implies, being derived from *κωμη* a street, and *ὠδῆ* a poem. To this origin Horace alludes in these lines :

*Dicitur, & plaustis vexisse poemata Thespis,
Quæ canerent agerentque, peruncti facibus ora.*

Thespis, inventor of Dramatic art,
Convey'd his vagrant actors in a cart :

* Cum artem ludicram, scenamque totam probro ducerent, genus id hominum non modo honore civium reliquorum carere, sed etiam tribu moveri notatione censoria voluerunt. *Cic. apud S. Aug. de Civit. Dei.*

High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd.

THESPIs is called the inventor of the Dramatic Art, because he raised the subject from clownish altercation to the character and exploits of some hero: he improved the language and versification, and relieved the Chorus by the dialogue of two actors. This was the first advance towards that consummation of Genius and Art which constitutes what is now called a perfect Tragedy. The next great improver was Æschylus, of whom the same critic says,

*Post hunc personæ pallaque repertor honestæ
Æschylus & modicis instravit pulpita tignis;
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.*

Then Æschylus a decent vizard us'd ;
Built a low stage ; the flowing robe diffus'd :
In language more sublime two actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.

THE dialogue which Thespis introduced was called the *Episode*, because it was an addition to the former subject, namely, the praises of Bacchus ; so that now Tragedy consisted of two distinct parts, independent of each other ; the old *Recitative*, which was the *Chorus*, sung in honour of the gods ; and the *Episode*, which turned upon
the

the adventures of some hero. This Episode being found very agreeable to the people, Æschylus, who lived about half a century after Thespis, still improved the drama, united the chorus to the episode so as to make them both parts or members of one fable, multiplied the actors, contrived the stage, and introduced the decorations of the theatre; so that Sophocles, who succeeded Æschylus, had but one step to surmount in order to bring the drama to perfection. Thus Tragedy was gradually detached from its original institution, which was entirely religious. The priests of Bacchus loudly complained of this innovation by means of the Episode, which was foreign to the intention of the Chorus; and hence arose the proverb of *Nihil ad Dionysium*, "nothing to the purpose." Plutarch himself mentions the Episode as a perversion of tragedy, from the honour of the Gods to the passions of men: but, notwithstanding all opposition, the new Tragedy succeeded to admiration; because it was found the most pleasing vehicle of conveying moral truths, of meliorating the heart, and extending the interests of humanity.

COMEDY, according to Aristotle, is the younger sister of Tragedy. As the first originally turned upon the praises of the gods, the latter

dwelt on the follies and vices of mankind. Such, we mean, was the scope of that species of Poetry which acquired the name of Comedy, in contradistinction to the Tragic Muse; for in the beginning they were the same. The foundation upon which Comedy was built we have already explained to be the practice of satirical repartee or altercation, in which individuals exposed the follies and frailties of each other on public occasions of worship and festivity.

THE first regular plan of Comedy is said to have been the *Margites* of Homer, exposing the idleness and folly of a worthless character; but of this performance we have no remains. That division which is termed the *Antient Comedy*, belongs to the labours of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes, who were cotemporaries, and flourished at Athens about four hundred and thirty years before the Christian æra. Such was the licence of the Muse at this period, that, far from lashing vice in general characters, she boldly exhibited the exact portrait of every individual who had rendered himself remarkable or notorious by his crimes, folly, and debauchery. She assumed every circumstance of his external appearance, his very attire, air, manner, and even his name; according to the observation of Horace,

——— *Poeta*

—————Poetæ

—————*quorum Comœdia prisca virorum est :*
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famofus, multa cum libertate notabant.

The Comic Poets, in its earliest age,
 Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage—
 Was there a villain who might justly claim
 A better right of being damn'd to fame,
 Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
 They boldly stigmatis'd the wretch in rhyme.

Eupolis is said to have satirized Alcibiades in this manner, and to have fallen a sacrifice to the resentment of that powerful Athenian : but others say he was drowned in the Hellespont, during a war against the Lacedemonians ; and that, in consequence of this accident, the Athenians passed a decree, that no Poet should ever bear arms.

THE Comedies of Cratinus are recommended by Quintilian for their eloquence ; and Plutarch tells us, that even Pericles himself could not escape the censure of this Poet.

ARISTOPHANES, of whom there are eleven Comedies still extant, enjoyed such a pre-eminence of reputation, that the Athenians, by a public decree, honoured him with a crown
 made

made of a consecrated olive-tree, which grew in the citadel, for his care and success in detecting and exposing the vices of those who governed the commonwealth. Yet this Poet, whether impelled by mere wantonness of genius, or actuated by malice and envy, could not refrain from employing the shafts of his ridicule against Socrates, the most venerable character of Pagan antiquity. In the Comedy of *The Clouds*, this virtuous Philosopher was exhibited on the stage under his own name, in a cloak exactly resembling that which Socrates wore, in a mask modelled from his features, disputing publicly on the nature of right and wrong. This was undoubtedly an instance of the most flagrant licentiousness; and what renders it the more extraordinary, the audience received it with great applause, even while Socrates himself sat publicly in the theatre. The truth is, the Athenians were so fond of ridicule, that they relished it even when employed against the gods themselves, some of whose characters were very roughly handled by Aristophanes and his rivals in reputation.

WE might here draw a parallel between the inhabitants of Athens and the natives of England, in point of constitution, genius, and disposition. Athens was a free state like England, that piqued
itself

itself upon the influence of the democracy. Like England, its wealth and strength depended upon its maritime power ; and it generally acted as umpire in the disputes that arose among its neighbours. The people of Athens, like those of England, were remarkably ingenious, and made great progress in the Arts and Sciences. They excelled in Poetry, History, Philosophy, Mechanics, and Manufactures ; they were acute, discerning, disputatious, fickle, wavering, rash, and combustible, and, above all other nations in Europe, addicted to ridicule ; a character which the English inherit in a very remarkable degree.

If we may judge from the writings of Aristophanes, his chief aim was to gratify the spleen and excite the mirth of his audience ; of an audience too that would seem to have been uninformed by Taste, and altogether ignorant of decorum ; for his pieces are replete with the most extravagant absurdities, virulent slander, impiety, impurities, and low buffoonery. The Comic Muse, not contented with being allowed to make free with the gods and philosophers, applied her scourge so severely to the magistrates of the commonwealth, that it was thought proper to restrain her within bounds by a law, enacting, that no person should
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be stigmatised under his real name; and thus the Chorus was silenced. In order to elude the penalty of this law, and gratify the Taste of the people, the Poets began to substitute fictitious names, under which they exhibited particular characters in such lively colours, that the resemblance could not possibly be mistaken or overlooked. This practice gave rise to what is called the *Middle Comedy*, which was but of short duration: for the legislature, perceiving that the first law had not removed the grievance against which it was provided, issued a second ordinance, forbidding, under severe penalties, any real or family-occurrences to be represented. This restriction was the immediate cause of improving Comedy into a general mirror, held forth to reflect the various follies and foibles incident to Human Nature; a species of writing called the *New Comedy*, introduced by Diphilus and Menander, of whose works nothing but a few fragments remain.

E S S A Y XVI.

HAVING communicated our sentiments touching the origin of Poetry, by tracing Tragedy and Comedy to their common source, we shall now endeavour to point out the criteria, by which Poetry is distinguished from every other species of writing. In common with other Arts, such as statuary and painting, it comprehends imitation, invention, composition, and enthusiasm. Imitation is, indeed, the basis of all the liberal Arts: Invention and Enthusiasm constitute Genius, in whatever manner it may be displayed. Eloquence of all sorts admits of Enthusiasm. Tully says, an orator should be *vehemens ut procella, excitatus ut torrens, incensus ut fulmen; tonat, fulgurat, et rapidis eloquentiæ fluctibus cuncta proruit et proturbat*. “Violent as a tempest, impetuous as a torrent, and glowing intense like the red bolt of heaven, he thunders, lightens, overthrows, and bears down all before him, by the

the irresistible tide of Eloquence." This is the *mens diviniore atque os magna sonaturum* of Horace. This is the talent,

—*Meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus.*

With passions not my own who fires my heart ;
Who with unreal terrors fills my breast,
As with a magic influence possess.

We are told, that Michael Angelo Buonaroti used to work at his statues in a fit of enthusiasm, during which he made the fragments of the stone fly about him with surprising violence. The celebrated Lully being one day blamed for setting nothing to music but the languid verses of Quinault, was animated with the reproach, and running in a fit of enthusiasm to his harpsichord, sung in recitative and accompanied four pathetic lines from the Iphigenia of Racine with such expression, as filled the hearers with astonishment and horror.

THOUGH Versification be one of the criteria that distinguish Poetry from Prose, yet it is not the sole mark of distinction. Were the Histories of Polybius and Livy simply turned into Verse, they would not become Poems ; because they would
be

be destitute of those figures, embellishments, and flights of imagination, which display the Poet's Art and Invention. On the other hand, we have many productions that justly lay claim to the title of Poetry, without having the advantage of Versification ; witness the Psalms of David, the Song of Solomon, with many beautiful hymns, descriptions, and rhapsodies, to be found in different parts of the Old Testament ; some of them the immediate production of divine inspiration : witness the Celtic fragments which have lately appeared in the English language, and are certainly replete with poetical merit. But though good versification alone will not constitute Poetry, bad versification alone will certainly degrade and render disgusting the sublimest sentiments and finest flowers of imagination. This humiliating power of bad Verse appears in many translations of the ancient Poets ; in Ogilby's Homer, Trapp's Virgil, and frequently in Creech's Horace. This last, indeed, is not wholly devoid of spirit, but it seldom rises above mediocrity ; and as Horace says,

— *Mediocribus esse poetis*

Non homines, non Dî, non concessere columnæ.

But God and man and letter'd post denies.
That Poets ever are of middling size.

How

How is that beautiful Ode beginning with "*Iustum & tenacem propositi virum*," chilled and tamed by the following translation :

He who by principle is sway'd,
In truth and justice still the same;
Is neither of the crowd afraid,
Tho' civil broils the state inflame ;
Nor to a haughty tyrant's frown will stoop,
Nor to a raging storm, when all the winds are up—

Should Nature with convulsions shake,
Struck with the fiery bolts of Jove,
The final doom and dreadful crack
Cannot his constant courage move.

That long Alexandrine—"Nor to a raging storm, when all the winds are up," is drawling, feeble, swoln with a pleonasm or tautology, as well as deficient in the rhyme ; and as for "the dreadful crack" in the next stanza, instead of exciting terror, it conveys a low and ludicrous idea. How much more elegant and energetic is this paraphrase of the same Ode, inserted in one of the volumes of Hume's History of England ?

The man whose mind, on virtue bent,
Pursues some greatly good intent
With undiverted aim,
Serene beholds the angry crowd ;
Nor can their clamours fierce and loud
His stubborn honour tame.

Nor

Nor the proud tyrant's fiercest threat,
Nor storms that from their dark retreat
The lawless surges wake;
Nor Jove's dread bolt that shakes the pole,
The firmer purpose of his soul
With all its power can shake.

Should Nature's frame in ruins fall,
And Chaos o'er the sinking ball
Resume primæval sway,
His courage chance and fate defies,
Nor feels the wreck of earth and skies
Obstruct its destin'd way.

If Poetry exists independent of versification, it will naturally be asked, how then is it to be distinguished? Undoubtedly, by its own peculiar expression: it has a language of its own, which speaks so feelingly to the heart, and so pleasingly to the imagination, that its meaning cannot possibly be misunderstood by any person of delicate sensations. It is a species of painting with words, in which the figures are happily conceived, ingeniously arranged, affectingly expressed, and recommended with all the warmth and harmony of colouring: it consists of imagery, description, metaphors, similes, and sentiments, adapted with propriety to the subject, so contrived and executed as to sooth the ear, surprise and delight the fancy,
mend

mend and melt the heart, elevate the mind, and please the understanding. According to Flaccus,

*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ ;
Aut simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.*

Poets would profit or delight mankind,
And with th'amusing shew the instructive join'd—

*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*

Profit and pleasure mingled thus with Art,
To sooth the fancy and improve the heart.—

TROPES and figures are likewise liberally used in Rhetoric ; and some of the most celebrated orators have owned themselves much indebted to the Poets. Theophrastus expressly recommends the Poets for this purpose. From their source the spirit and energy, the pathetic, the sublime, and the beautiful, are derived *. But these figures must be more sparingly used in Rhetoric than in Poetry, and even then mingled with argumentation, and a detail of facts altogether different from Poetical narration. The Poet, instead of simply

* Namque ab his (scilicet poetis) et in rebus spiritus, et in verbis ublimitas, et in affectibus motus omnis, et in personis decor petitur.

QUINTILIAN, l. x.
relating

relating the incident, strikes off a glowing picture of the scene, and exhibits it in the most lively colours to the eye of the imagination. "It is reported that Homer was blind (says Tully in his Tusculan Questions), yet his Poetry is noother than Painting. What country, what climate, what ideas, battles, commotions, and contests of men, as well as of wild beasts, has he not painted in such a manner as to bring before our eyes those very scenes which he himself could not behold *?" We cannot, therefore, subscribe to the opinion of some ingenious critics, who have blamed Mr. Pope for deviating in some instances from the simplicity of Homer, in his translation of the Iliad and Odyssæy. For example, the Grecian bard says simply, the sun rose; and his Translator gives us a beautiful picture of the sun rising. Homer mentions a person who played upon the lyre; the Translator sets him before us warbling to the silver strings. If this be a deviation, it is at the same time an improvement. Homer himself, as Cicero observes above, is full of this kind of painting, and particularly fond of description, even in situations where the action seems to require haste. Neptune, observing from Samothrace

* Quæ regio, quæ ora, quæ species formæ, quæ pugna, qui malus hominum, qui ferarum, non ita expictus est, ut quæ ipse non viderit, nos ut videremus, effecerit?

the discomfiture of the Grecians before Troy, flies to their assistance, and might have been wafted thither in half a line : but the bard describes him, first, descending the mountain on which he sat ; secondly, striding towards his palace at Ægæ, and yoking his horses ; thirdly, he describes him putting on his armour ; and lastly, ascending his car, and driving along the surface of the sea. Far from being disgusted by these delays, we are delighted with the particulars of the description. Nothing can be more sublime than the circumstance of the mountain's trembling beneath the footsteps of an immortal,

— Τρέμε δ' ἔρια μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη
Ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνι ἴοντι.

But his passage to the Grecian fleet is altogether transporting.

Βῆδ' ἰλᾶαν ἐπὶ κύματ' ἔει.

He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies ;
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep :
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in aukward measures play :
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults and crowns the monarch of the main :
The parting waves before his coursers fly :
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.—

WITH

WITH great veneration for the memory of Mr. Pope, we cannot help objecting to some lines of this translation. We have no idea of the sea's exulting and crowning Neptune, after it had subsided into a level plain. There is no such image in the original. Homer says, the whales exulted, and knew or owned their king; and that the sea parted with joy: *ἡθοσύη δὲ θαλάσση διίστατο*. Neither is there a word of the wondering waters: we, therefore, think the lines might be thus altered to advantage.

They knew and own'd the monarch of the main :
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain :
The curling waves before his courfers fly :
The parting surface leaves his brazen axle dry.

BESIDES the metaphors, similes, and allusions of Poetry, there is an infinite variety of tropes, or turns of expression, occasionally disseminated through works of Genius, which serve to animate the whole, and distinguish the glowing effusions of real inspiration from the cold efforts of mere Science. These tropes consist of a certain happy choice and arrangement of words, by which ideas are artfully disclosed in a great variety of attitudes ; of epithets, and compound epithets ; of sounds collected in order to echo the sense conveyed ; of apostrophes ; and above all, the enchanting use

VOL. I. K of

of the *prosopepœia*, which is a kind of magic, by which the Poet gives life and motion to every inanimate part of Nature. Homer, describing the wrath of Agamemnon, in the first book of the *Iliad*, strikes off a glowing image in two words:

— ὅσος δ' οἱ πυρὶ λαμπιτύνει ἄκτην.

—And from his eye-balls *flash'd the living fire*.

This, indeed, is a figure which has been copied by Virgil, and almost all the Poets of every age—*oculis micat acribus ignis*—*ignescunt iræ : auris dolor ossibus ardet*. Milton describing Satan in Hell, says,

With head uplift above the wave, and eye
That *sparkling blaz'd* !—

—He spake : and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubims. The sudden *blaze*
Far round *illumin'd* Hell—

THERE are certain words in every language particularly adapted to Poetical expression ; some from the image or idea they convey to the imagination ; and some from the effect they have upon the ear. The first are truly *figurative* ; the others may be called *emphatical*.—Rollin observes,
that

that Virgil has upon many occasions Poetized (if we may be allowed the expression) a whole sentence by means of the same word, which is *pendere*.

*Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ.
Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo.*

At ease reclin'd beneath the verdant shade,
No more shall I behold my happy flock
Aloft *hang* brouzing on the tufted rock.

Here the word *pendere* wonderfully improves the landscape, and renders the whole passage beautifully picturesque. The same figurative verb we meet with in many different parts of the *Æneid*.

*Hi summo in fluctu pendent, his unda dehiscens
Terram inter fluctus aperit.*

These on the mountain billow *hung*: to those
The yawning *waves* the yellow sand disclose.

In this instance, the words *pendent* and *dehiscens*, *hung* and *yawning*, are equally Poetical. Addison seems to have had this passage in his eye, when he wrote his Hymn which is inserted in the *Spectator* :

—For though in dreadful whirls we *hung*,
High on the broken wave.

And in another piece of a like nature, in the same collection :

Thy Providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And *hung* upon the breast.

Shakespeare, in his admired description of Dover cliff, uses the same expression :

—half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

NOTHING can be more beautiful than the following picture, in which Milton hath introduced the same expressive tint :

—he, on his side,

Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd—

WE shall give one example more from Virgil, to shew in what a variety of scenes it may appear with propriety and effect. In describing the progress of Dido's passion for Æneas, the Poet says,

*Iliacos iterum demens audire labores
Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.*

The woes of Troy once more she begg'd to hear ;
Once more the mournful tale employ'd his tongue,
While in fond rapture on his lips she *hung*.

THE

THE reader will perceive in all these instances, that no other word could be substituted with equal energy ; indeed, no other word could be used without degrading the sense, and defacing the image.

THERE are many other verbs of Poetical import, fetched from Nature and from Art, which the Poet uses to advantage both in a literal and metaphorical sense ; and these have been always translated for the same purpose from one language to another : such as *quasso*, *concutio*, *cio*, *suscito*, *lenio*, *sævio*, *mano*, *fluo*, *ardeo*, *mico*, *aro*, to shake, to wake, to route, to soothe, to rage, to flow, to shine or blaze, to plough.—*Quassantia tectum limina Æneas, casu concussus acerbo—Ære ciere viros, martemque accendere cantu—Æneas acuit martem & se suscitât ira—Impium lenite clamorem. Lenibant curas—Ne sævi magna sacerdos—Sudor ad imos manabat solos—Suspensæque diu lachrymæ fluxere per ora—Juvenali ardebat amore—Micat æreus ensis—Nullum maris æquor arandum.* It will be unnecessary to insert examples of the same nature from the English Poets.

THE words we term *emphatical*, are such as by their sound express the sense they are intended

to convey ; and with these the Greek abounds, above all other languages, not only from its natural copiousness, flexibility, and significance, but also from the variety of its Dialects, which enables a writer to vary his terminations occasionally as the nature of the subject requires, without offending the most delicate ear, or incurring the imputation of adopting vulgar provincial expressions. Every smatterer in Greek can repeat

Ἐν δ' ἀκίων παρὰ θῆνα πολυφλασσοῖο θαλάσσης,

in which the two last words wonderfully echo to the sense, conveying the idea of the sea dashing on the shore. How much more significant in sound than that beautiful image of Shakespeare—

“ The sea that on th' unnumber'd pebbles beats.”

And yet, if we consider the strictness of propriety, this last expression would seem to have been selected on purpose to concur with the other circumstances which are brought together to ascertain the vast height of Dover cliff : for the Poet adds, ‘ cannot be heard so high.’ The place where Gloster stood was so high above the surface of the sea, that the φλασσοῖο, or *dashing*, could not be heard ; and therefore an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare might with some plausibility affirm, the Poet had chosen an expression in which that sound is not at all conveyed.

IN the very same page of Homer's Iliad, we meet with two other striking instances of the same sort of beauty. Apollo, incensed at the insults his priest had sustained, descends from the top of Olympus, with his bow and quiver rattling on his shoulder as he moved along :

*Εκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' οἶσιν ἐπ' ὤμων.

Here the sound of the word *Εκλαγξαν admirably expresses the clanking of armour ; as the third line after this surprisingly imitates the twanging of a bow.

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γινετ' ἀργυρείοιο βιοῖο.

In shrill ton'd murmurs sung the twanging bow.

MANY beauties of the same kind are scattered through Homer, Pindar, and Theocritus, such as the βομβεῖσα μελισσα, *sufurrans apicula* ; the ἄδυ ψιδύρισμα, *dulcem susurrum* ; and the μελισσίδεται for the sighing of the pine.

THE Latin language teems with sounds adapted to every situation, and the English is not destitute of this significant energy. We have the *cooing* turtle, the *sighing* reed, the *warbling* rivulet, the *sliding* stream, the *whispering* breeze, the *glance*, the *gleam*, the *flash*, the *bickering* flame, the

dashing wave, the *gushing* spring, the *howling* blast, the *rattling* storm, the *pattering* shower, the *crimp* earth, the *mould ring* tower, the *twanging* bow-string, the *clanging* arms, the *clanking* chains, the *twinkling* stars, the *tinkling* chords, the *trickling* drops, the *twittering* swallow, the *cawing* rook, the *screeching* owl; and a thousand other words and epithets wonderfully suited to the sense they imply.

AMONG the select passages of Poetry which we shall intert by way of illustration, the reader will find instances of all the different tropes and figures, which the best authors have adopted in the variety of their Poetical works, as well as of the apostrophe, abrupt transition, repetition, and prosopœia.

IN the mean time, it will be necessary still further to analyse those principles which constitute the essence of Poetical merit; to display those delightful parterres that teem with the fairest flowers of imagination, and distinguish between the gaudy offspring of a cold insipid fancy, and the glowing progeny, diffusing sweets, produced and invigorated by the Sun of Genius.

E S S A Y XVII.

OF all the implements of Poetry, the Metaphor is the most generally and successfully used, and indeed may be termed the Muse's Caduceus, by the power of which she enchants all Nature. The Metaphor is a shorter simile, or rather a kind of magical coat, by which the same idea assumes a thousand different appearances. Thus the word *plough*, which originally belongs to agriculture, being metaphorically used, represents the motion of a ship at sea, and the effects of old age upon the human countenance—

—Plough'd the bosom of the deep—

And time had plough'd his venerable front.

ALMOST every verb, noun substantive, or term of art in any language, may be in this manner applied to a variety of subjects with admirable effect ; but the danger is in sowing metaphors too thick, so as to distract the imagination of the reader, and incur the imputation of deserting Nature,

ture, in order to hunt after conceits. Every day produces Poems of all kinds so inflated with metaphor, that they may be compared to the gaudy bubbles blown up from a solution of soap. Longinus is of opinion, that a multitude of metaphors is never excusable; except in those cases when the passions are roused, and, like a winter torrent, rush down impetuous, sweeping them with collective force along. He brings an instance of the following quotation from Demosthenes. "Men! (says he) profligates, miscreants, and flatterers, who, having severally preyed upon the bowels of their country, at length betrayed her liberty, first to Philip, and now again to Alexander; who, placing the chief felicity of life in the indulgence of infamous lusts and appetites, overturned in the dust that freedom and independence, which was the chief aim and end of all our worthy ancestors——*."

ARISTOTLE and Theophrastus seem to think it is rather too bold and hazardous to use metaphors

* " Ἄνθρωποι, φησι, μισροί, καὶ ἀλάστορες, καὶ κόλακες, ἱκνητηριασμένοι τὰς ἑαυτῶν ἑκάστοι πατρίδας, τὴν ἐλευθερίαν προπεπωκότες, προτερον Φιλίππῳ, νυνὶ δ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ, τῇ γὰρ μετρήντες καὶ τοῖς αἰσχίσις τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν, τὴν δ' ἐλευθερίαν, καὶ τὸ μηδὲν ἔχειν δεσπότην αὐτῶν, ἃ τοῖς προτεροῖς, Ἕλλησιν ὄροι τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἦσαν καὶ κανονεῖς, &c. &c."

so freely, without interposing some mitigating phrase ; such as, “if I may be allowed the expression,” or some equivalent excuse. At the same time, Longinus finds fault with Plato for hazarding some metaphors which indeed appear to be equally affected and extravagant, when he says, “the government of a state should not resemble a bowl of hot fermenting wine, but a cool and moderate beverage, *chastised by the sober deity*”—a metaphor that signifies nothing more than “mixed or lowered with water.” Demetrius Phalereus justly observes, that though a judicious use of metaphors wonderfully raises, sublimes, and adorns oratory or elocution ; yet they should seem to flow naturally from the subject ; and too great a redundancy of them inflates the discourse to a mere rhapsody. The same observation will hold in Poetry ; and the more liberal or sparing use of them will depend in a great measure on the nature of the subject.

PASSION itself is very figurative, and often bursts out into metaphors ; but, in touching the pathos, the Poet must be perfectly well acquainted with the emotions of the human soul, and carefully distinguish between those metaphors which rise glowing from the heart, and those cold conceits which are ingendered in the fancy. Should one of these

last unfortunately intervene, it will be apt to destroy the whole effect of the most pathetic incident or situation. Indeed it requires the most delicate Taste, and a consummate knowledge of propriety, to employ metaphors in such a manner, as to avoid what the Antients called the τὸ ψυχρὸν, the *frigid*, or false sublime. Instances of this kind were frequent even among the correct Antients. Sappho herself is blamed for using the hyperbole λευκοτεροῖς χιόνοσιν, *whiter than snow*. Demetrius is so nice as to be disgusted at the simile of *swift as the wind*; though, in speaking of a race-horse, we know from experience that this is not even an hyperbole. He would have had more reason to censure that kind of metaphor which Aristotle styles κατ' ἐνέργειαν, exhibiting things inanimate as endued with sense and reason; such as that of the sharp-pointed arrow *eager* to take wing among the crowd. "Ὁ ξυβελὴς καὶ ὁμιλον ἐπιπτεῖσθαι μενεαίνων." Not but that in descriptive Poetry this figure is often allowed and admired. The *cruel* sword, the *ruthless* dagger, the *russian* blast, are epithets which frequently occur. The *faithful* bosom of the earth; the *joyous* boughs; the trees that *admire their images* reflected in the stream; and many other examples of this kind, are found disseminated through the works of our best modern Poets: yet still they must be sheltered under the
privilege

privilege of the *poetica licentia*; and, except in Poetry, they would give offence.

MORE chaste metaphors are freely used in all kinds of writing; more sparingly in History, and more abundantly in Rhetoric: we have seen that Plato indulges them even to excess. The orations of Demosthenes are animated, and even inflamed with metaphors, some of them so bold as even to entail upon him the censure of the critics. Τότε τῷ Πυθωνι τῷ ῥήτορι ῥέοντι καὶ ὑμῶν---“then I did not yield to Python the orator, when he *overflowed* you with a tide of eloquence.” Cicero is still more liberal in the use of them; he ransacks all nature, and pours forth a redundancy of figures, even with a lavish hand. Even the chaste Xenophon, who generally illustrates his subject by way of simile, sometimes ventures to produce an expressive metaphor, such as “part of the phalanx *fluctuated* in the march; and indeed nothing can be more significant than this word ἐξερύμνῃς, to represent a body of men staggered, and on the point of giving way. Armstrong has used the word *fluctuate* with admirable efficacy, in his Philosophical Poem entituled *The Art of Preserving Health*.

O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest *fluctuates* in the storm,
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o’er the steady battlements—

THE word *fluctuate* on this occasion not only exhibits an idea of struggling, but also echoes to the sense, like the *εφριξεν δὲ μάχην* of Homer ; which, by the bye, it is impossible to render into English : for the verb *εφριξω* signifies not only to stand erect like prickles, as a grove of lances, but also to make a noise like the crashing of armour, the hissing of javelins, and the splinters of spears.

OVER and above an excess of Figures, a young author is apt to run into a confusion of mixed metaphors, which leave the sense disjointed, and distract the imagination : Shakespeare himself is often guilty of these irregularities. The Soliloquy in Hamlet, which we have so often heard extolled in terms of admiration, is, in our opinion, a heap of absurdities, whether we consider the situation, the sentiment, the argumentation, or the Poetry. Hamlet is informed by the Ghost, that his father was murdered, and therefore he is tempted to murder himself, even after he had promised to take vengeance on the usurper, and expressed the utmost eagerness to achieve this enterprize. It does not appear that he had the least reason to wish for death ; but every motive which may be supposed to influence the mind of a young Prince concurred to render life desirable—revenge

venge towards the usurper ; love for the fair Ophelia ; and the ambition of reigning. Besides, when he had an opportunity of dying without being necessary to his own death ; when he had nothing to do but, in obedience to his uncle's command, to allow himself to be conveyed quietly to England, where he was sure of suffering death ; instead of amusing himself with meditations on mortality, he very wisely consulted the means of self-preservation, turned the tables upon his attendants, and returned to Denmark. But granting him to have been reduced to the lowest state of despondence, surrounded with nothing but horror and despair, sick of this life, and eager to tempt futurity, we shall see how far he argues like a Philosopher.

IN order to support this general charge against an author so universally held in veneration, whose very errors have helped to sanctify his character among the Multitude, we will descend to particulars, and analyse this famous Soliloquy.

HAMLET, having assumed the disguise of madness, as a cloak under which he might the more effectually revenge his father's death upon the murderer and usurper, appears alone upon the stage in a pensive and melancholy attitude, and communes with himself in these words :

To

To be, or not to be ? That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The flings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them ?—To die—to sleep—
No more ; and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to ; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—To die—to sleep—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub—
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

WE have already observed, that there is not any apparent circumstance in the fate or situation of Hamlet, that should prompt him to harbour one thought of self-murder; and therefore these expressions of despair imply an impropriety in point of character. But supposing his condition was truly desperate, and he saw no possibility of repose but in the uncertain harbour of death, let us see in what manner he argues on the subject. The question is, "To be, or not to be;" to die by my own hand, or live and suffer the miseries of life. He proceeds to explain the alternative in these terms, "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, or endure the frowns of fortune, or to take arms, and by opposing, end them." Here he deviates from his first proposition, and death is no longer the question. The only doubt is, whether he will stoop to misfortune, or exert his faculties in order to surmount it. This surely is the obvious meaning, and indeed the only meaning that can be implied in these words,

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them.

HE now drops this idea, and reverts to his reasoning on death, in the course of which he owns himself

himself deterred from suicide by the thoughts of what may follow death ;

—the dread of something after death

(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns).

THIS might be a good argument in a Heathen or Pagan, and such indeed Hamlet really was ; but Shakespeare has already represented him as a good Catholic, who must have been acquainted with the truths of revealed religion, and says expressly in this very play,

—had not the Everlasting fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-murder.

MOREOVER, he had just been conversing with his father's Spirit piping hot from purgatory, which we presume is not within the *bourne* of this world. The dread of what may happen after death (says he)

Makes us rather bear those *ills* we have,

Than fly to *others* that we know not of.

THIS declaration at least implies some knowledge of the other world, and expressly asserts, that there must be *ills* in that world, though what kind of *ills* they are, we do not know. The argument

gument therefore may be reduced to this lemma : This world abounds with *ills* which I feel : the other world abounds with *ills*, the nature of which I do not know : therefore, I will rather bear those *ills* I have, than fly to *others* which I know not of :” a deduction amounting to a certainty, with respect to the only circumstance that could create a doubt, namely, whether in death he should rest from his misery ; and if he was certain there were evils in the next world, as well as in this, he had no room to reason at all about the matter. What alone could justify his thinking on this subject, would have been the hope of flying from the *ills* of this world, without encountering any *others* in the next.

NOR is Hamlet more accurate in the following reflection :

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

A BAD conscience will make us cowards ; but a good conscience will make us brave. It does not appear that any thing lay heavy on his conscience ; and from the premises we cannot help inferring, that conscience in this case was entirely out of the question. Hamlet was deterred from suicide by a full conviction, that in flying from one sea of troubles which he did know, he should fall into *another* which he did not know.

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HIS whole chain of reasoning, therefore, seems inconsistent and incongruous. "I am doubtful whether I should live, or do violence upon my own life : for I know not whether it is more honourable to bear misfortune patiently, than to exert myself in opposing misfortune, and by opposing, end it." Let us throw it into the form of a syllogism, it will stand thus : "I am oppressed with ills : I know not whether it is more honourable to bear those ills patiently, or to end them by taking arms against them ; *ergo*, I am doubtful whether I should slay myself or live. To die, is no more than to sleep ; and to *say* that by a sleep we end the heart-ach, &c. 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd." Now, to *say it*, was of no consequence unless it had been true. "I am afraid of the dreams that may happen in that sleep of death ; and I choose rather to bear those ills I have in this life, than fly to *other ills* in that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. I have ills that are almost insupportable in this life. I know not what is in the next, because it is an undiscovered country : *ergo*, I'd rather bear those ills I have, than fly to others which I know not of." Here the conclusion is by no means warranted by the premises. "I am sore afflicted in this life : but, I will rather bear the afflictions of this life, than plunge myself in the afflictions

afflictions of another life : *ergo*, conscience makes cowards of us all." But this conclusion would justify the logician in saying, *negatur consequens* ; for it is entirely detached both from the major and minor proposition.

THIS Soliloquy is not less unexceptionable in the propriety of expression, than in the chain of argumentation.—“ To die,—to sleep—no more,” contains an-ambiguity which all the art of punctuation cannot remove ; for it may signify that “to die, is to sleep no more ;” or the expression—“ no more,” may be considered as an abrupt apostrophe in thinking, as if he meant to say—“ no more of that reflection.”

“ AY, there’s the rub”—is a vulgarism beneath the dignity of Hamlet’s character, and the words that follow leave the sense imperfect ;

For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

Not the dreams that might come, but, the fear of what dreams might come, occasioned the pause or hesitation. *Respect*, in the same line, may be allowed to pass for consideration : but,

Th’ oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
according to the invariable acceptation of the words *wrong* and *contumely*, can signify nothing
but

but the wrongs sustained by the oppressor, and the contumely or abuse thrown upon the proud man; though it is plain that Shakespear used them in a different sense: neither is the word *spurn* a substantive; yet as such he has inserted it in these lines:

The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

If we consider the metaphors of this Soliloquy, we shall find them jumbled together in strange confusion.

If the metaphors were reduced to Painting, we should find it a very difficult task, if not altogether impracticable, to represent with any propriety outrageous Fortune using her slings and arrows, between which, indeed, there is no sort of analogy in Nature. Neither can any figure be more ridiculously absurd than that of a man taking arms against a sea, exclusive of the incongruous medley of slings, arrows, and seas, jumbled within the compass of one reflection. What follows is a strange rhapsody of broken images, of sleeping, dreaming, and shifting off a *coil*, which last conveys no idea that can be represented on canvas. A man may be exhibited shuffling off his garments or his chains: but how he should shuffle off a *coil*,
which

which is another term for noise and tumult, we cannot comprehend. Then we have "long-lived Calamity," and "Time armed with whips and scorns;" and "patient Merit spurned at by Unworthiness;" and "Misery with a bare bodkin going to make his own *quietus*," which, at best, is but a mean metaphor. These are followed by Figures "sweating under fardles of burdens," "puzzled with doubts," "shaking with fears," and "flying from evils." Finally, we see "Resolution sicklied o'er with pale thought," a conception like that of representing health by sickness; and a "current of pith turned away so as to lose the name of action," which is both an error in fancy, and a solecism in sense. In a word, this Soliloquy may be compared to the *Ægri somnia*, and the *Tabula, cujus vanæ fingentur species*.

BUT while we censure the chaos of broken, incongruous metaphors, we ought also to caution the young Poet against the opposite extreme of pursuing a metaphor until the spirit of it is quite exhausted in a succession of cold conceits; such as we see in the following letter, said to be sent by Tamerlane to the Turkish Emperor Bajazet.

"Where is the monarch that dares oppose our
 "arms? Where is the potentate who doth not glory
 "in being numbered amongst our vassals? As for
 "thee, descended from a Turcoman mariner, since
 "the vessel of thy unbounded ambition hath been
 "wrecked

wrecked in the gulph of thy self-love, it would be proper that thou shouldest furl the sails of thy temerity, and cast the anchor of repentance in the port of sincerity and justice, which is the harbour of safety: lest the tempest of our vengeance make thee perish in the sea of that punishment thou hast deserved."

BUT if these laboured conceits are ridiculous in Poetry, they are still more inexcusable in Prose: such as we find them frequently occur in Strada's *Bellum Belgicum*. *Vix descenderat à prætoriana navi Cæsar; cùm fœda illico exorta in portu tempestas, classẽ impetu disjecit, prætoriam hausit; quasi non vecturam amplius Cæsarem Cæsarisque fortunam.* "Cæsar had scarce set his feet on shore, when a terrible tempest arising, shattered the fleet even in the harbour, and sent to the bottom the Prætorian ship, as if resolved it should no longer carry Cæsar and his fortunes."

YET this is modest in comparison of the following flowers: *Alii, pulsus è tormento catenis discepti scilique, dimidiato corpore pugnabant sibi superstites, ac peremptæ partis ultoris.* "Others, dis-severed and cut in twain by chain-shot, fought with one half of their bodies that remained, in revenge of the other half that was slain."

HOMER,

HOMER, Horace, and even the chaste Virgil, is not free from conceits. The latter, speaking of a man's hand cut off in battle, says,

*Te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quærit :
Semianimesque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant :*

thus enduing the amputated hand with sense and volition. This, to be sure, is a violent figure, and hath been justly condemned by some accurate critics : but we think they are too severe in extending the same censure to some other passages in the most admired authors.

VIRGIL in his Sixth Eclogue, says,

*Omnia quæ, Phœbo quondam meditante, beatus
Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros,
Ille canit.*

Whate'er when Phœbus blest'd th' Arcadian plain,
Eurotas heard and taught his bays the strain,
The senior sung—

And Pope has copied the conceit in his Pastorals,

Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the mourn'ng song.

VIDA thus begins his First Eclogue :

*Dicite, vos musæ, et juvenum memorate querelas ;
Dicite : nam motas ipsas ad carmina cautes,
Et requiesse suos perhibent vaga flumina cursus.*

Say heav'nly muse, their youthful frays rehearse ;
 Begin, ye daughters of immortal verse ;
 Exulting rocks have own'd the power of song,
 And rivers listen'd as they flow'd along—

RACINE adopts the same bold figure in his
 Phædra :

Le flot qui l'apporta recule épouvanté :

The wave that bore him, backwards shrunk appall'd.

EVEN Milton has indulged himself in the same
 licence of expression —

—As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabæan odour from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest ; with such delay
 Well pleas'd, they slack their course, and many a league
 Chear'd with the grateful smell, old ocean smiles.

SHAKESPEARE says,

—I've seen
 'Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds.

AND indeed more correct writers, both an-
 cient and modern, abound with the same kind of
 figure, which is reconciled to propriety, and even
 invested with beauty, by the efficacy of the prosopo-
 pœia,

poëia, which personifies the object. Thus, when Virgil says Enipeus heard the songs of Apollo, he raises up, as by enchantment, the idea of a river god crowned with sedges, his head raised above the stream, and in his countenance the expression of pleased attention. By the same magic we see in the couplet quoted from Pope's Pastorals, old father Thames leaning upon his urn, and listening to the Poet's strain.

THUS in the regions of Poetry, all Nature, even the passions and affections of the mind, may be personified into picturesque figures for the entertainment of the reader. Ocean smiles or frowns, as the sea is calm or tempestuous; a Triton rules on every angry billow; every mountain has its Nymph; every stream its Naiad; every tree its Hamydryad; and every art its Genius. We cannot therefore assent to those who censure Thomson as licentious for using the following figure:

O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

WE cannot conceive a more beautiful image than that of the Genius of Agriculture distinguished by the implements of his art, imbrowned

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with

with labour, glowing with health, crowned with a garland of foliage, flowers, and fruit, lying stretched at his ease on the brow of a gentle swelling hill, and contemplating with pleasure the happy effects of his own industry.

NEITHER can we join issue against Shakespear for this comparison, which hath likewise incurred the censure of the Critics :

—The noble sister of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple—

This is no more than illustrating a quality of the mind, by comparing it with a sensible object. If there is no impropriety in saying such a man is true as steel, firm as a rock, inflexible as an oak, unsteady as the ocean, or in describing a disposition cold as ice, or fickle as the wind ; and these expressions are justified by constant practice ; we shall hazard an assertion, that the comparison of a chaste woman to an icicle is proper and picturesque, as it obtains only in the circumstances of cold and purity ; but that the addition of its being curdled from the purest snow, and hanging on the temple of Diana, the patroness of virginity, heightens the whole into a most beautiful simile,
that

that gives a very respectable and amiable idea of the character in question.

THE Simile is no more than an extended metaphor introduced to illustrate and beautify the subject: it ought to be apt, striking, properly pursued, and adorned with all the graces of Poetical melody. But a simile of this kind ought never to proceed from the mouth of a person under any great agitation of spirit; such as a tragic character overwhelmed with grief, distracted by contending cares, or agonising in the pangs of death. The language of passion will not admit simile, which is always the result of study and deliberation. We will not allow a hero the privilege of a dying swan, which is said to chant its approaching fate in the most melodious strain; and therefore nothing can be more ridiculously unnatural, than the representation of a lover dying upon the stage with a laboured simile in his mouth.

THE orientals, whose language was extremely figurative, have been very careless in the choice of their similes: provided the resemblance obtained in one circumstance, they minded not whether they disagreed with the subject in every other respect. Many instances of this defect in congruity, may be culled from the most sublime parts of Scripture.

HOMER has been blamed for the bad choice of his similes on some particular occasions. He compares Ajax to an ass, in the Iliad, and Ulysses to a steak broiling on the coals, in the Odyssey. His admirers have endeavoured to excuse him, by reminding us of the simplicity of the age in which he wrote ; but they have not been able to prove that any ideas of dignity or importance were, even in those days, affixed to the character of an ass, or the quality of a beef-collop ; therefore, they were very improper illustrations for any situation in which a hero ought to be represented.

VIRGIL has degraded the wife of king Latinus by comparing her, when she was actuated by the fury, to a top which the boys lash for diversion. This, doubtless, is a low image, though in other respects the comparison is not destitute of propriety ; but he is much more justly censured for the following simile, which has no sort of reference to the subject. Speaking of Turnus he says,

—*medio dux agmine Turnus*

Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice supra est.

Ceu septem surgens sedatis annibus altus

Pertacitum Ganges : aut pingui flumine Nilus,

Cum refluit campis, et jam se condidit alveo.

But Turnus, chief amidst the warrior train,
In armour tow'rs the tallest on the plain.

The

The Ganges thus by seven rich streams supply'd,
A mighty mass devolves in silent pride.
Thus Nilus pours from his prolific urn,
When from the fields o'erflow'd his vagrant streams return.

These, no doubt, are majestic images; but they bear no sort of resemblance to an hero glittering in armour at the head of his forces.

HORACE has been ridiculed by some shrewd critics for this comparison, which, however, we think is more defensible than the former. Addressing himself to Munatius Plancus, he says :

*Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cælo
Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos : sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam, vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero.——*

As Notus often, when the welkin low'rs,
Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual show'rs,
So let thy wisdom, free from anxious strife,
In mellow wine dissolve the cares of life.

DUNKIN.

The analogy, it must be confessed, is not very striking : but, nevertheless, it is not altogether void of propriety. The Poet reasons thus : As the South-wind, though generally attended with rain, is often known to dispel the clouds, and ren-

der the weather serene ; so do you, though generally on the rack of thought, remember to relax sometimes, and drown your cares in wine. As the South-wind is not always moist, so you ought not always to be dry.

A FEW instances of inaccuracy, or mediocrity, can never derogate from the superlative merit of Homer and Virgil, whose Poems are the great magazines, replete with every species of beauty and magnificence, particularly abounding with similes which astonish, delight, and transport the reader.

EVERY simile ought not only to be well adapted to the subject, but also to include every excellence of description, and to be coloured with the warmest tints of Poetry. Nothing can be more happily hit off than the following in the Georgics, to which the Poet compares Orpheus lamenting his lost Eurydice.

*Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amisſos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit ; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, et mœſtis latè loca queſtibus implet.*

So Philomela, from th' umbrageous wood
In strains melodious mourns her tender brood,

Snatch'd

Snatch'd from the nest by some rude ploughman's hand,
On some lone bough the warbler takes her stand;
The live-long night she mourns the cruel wrong;
And hill and dale resound the plaintive song.

Here we not only find the most scrupulous propriety, and the happiest choice, in comparing the Thracian bard to Philomel the Poet of the grove; but also the most beautiful description, containing a fine touch of the pathos, in which last particular, indeed, Virgil, in our opinion, excels all other Poets, whether ancient or modern.

ONE would imagine that Nature had exhausted itself, in order to embellish the Poems of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, with similes and metaphors. The first of these very often uses the comparison of the wind, the whirlwind, the hail, the torrent, to express the rapidity of his combatants: but when he comes to describe the velocity of the immortal horses that drew the chariot of Juno, he raises his ideas to the subject, and as Longinus observes, measures every leap by the whole breadth of the horizon.

Ὅσσον δ' ἡρεσιδὲς ἀνὴρ ἶδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
Ἡμενος ἐν σκοπιῇ, λευσσων ἐπὶ οἶνοπα ποντον,
Τοσσον ἐπιδρωσκουσι θεῶν υψιχέες ἵπποι.

Far as a watchman from some rock on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;

Thro' such a space of air with thund'ring sound,
At ev'ry leap th' immortal courfers bound.

The celerity of this goddess seems to be a favourite idea with the Poet; for in another place he compares it to the thought of a traveller revolving in his mind the different places he had seen, and passing through them in imagination more swift than the lightning flies from east to west.

HOMER's best similes have been copied by Virgil, and almost every succeeding Poet, howsoever they may have varied in the manner of expression. In the third book of the Iliad, Menelaus seeing Paris, is compared to a hungry lion espying a hind or goat.

Ὡς τε λέων ἐχάρη μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ σῶματι κῦρτας
Εὐρων ἢ ἔλαφον κεραον ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα, &c.

So joys the lion, if a branching deer
Or mountain goat his bulky prize appear.
In vain the youths oppose, the mastiffs bay,
The lordly savage rends the panting prey.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound
In clinging arms he leaps upon the ground.

THE Mantuan bard in the tenth book of the Æneid, applies the same simile to Mezentius, when he beholds Acron in the battle.

Impastus

*Impastus stabula alia leo ceu sæpe peragrans,
 (Suadet enim vesana fames) si forte fugacem
 Conspexit capream, aut surgentem in cornua cervum ;
 Gaudet hians immane, comasque arrexit, et hæret
 Visceribus super accumbens : lavit improba teter
 Ora cruor.—*

Then as a hungry lion, who beholds
 A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,
 Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain :
 He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane ;
 He grins and opens wide his greedy jaws,
 The prey lies panting underneath his paws ;
 He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
 With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore.

DRYDEN.

THE reader will perceive that Virgil has improved the simile in one particular, and in another fallen short of his original. The description of the lion shaking his mane, opening his hideous jaws distained with the blood of his prey, is great and picturesque : but on the other hand, he has omitted the circumstance of devouring it without being intimidated, or restrained by the dogs and youths that surround him ; a circumstance that adds greatly to our idea of his strength, intrepidity, and importance.

E S S A Y XVIII.

OF all the figures in Poetry, that called the Hyperbole is managed with the greatest difficulty. The Hyperbole is an exaggeration with which the Muse is indulged for the better illustration of her subject, when she is warmed into enthusiasm. Quintilian calls it an ornament of the bolder kind. Demetrius Phalereus is still more severe. He says, the Hyperbole is of all forms of speech the most frigid. *Μάλιστα δὲ ἡ ὑπερβολὴ ψυχρότατον πάντων* ; but this must be understood with some grains of allowance. Poetry is animated by the passions ; and all the passions exaggerate. Passion itself is a magnifying medium. There are beautiful instances of the Hyperbole in the Scripture, which a reader of sensibility cannot read without being strongly affected. The difficulty lies in chusing such Hyperboles as the subject will admit of ; for, according to the definition of Theophrastus, the frigid, in style, is that which exceeds the expression suitable to the subject.

ject. The judgement does not revolt against Homer for representing the horses of Erichonius running over the standing corn without breaking off the heads, because the whole is considered as a fable, and the north wind is represented as their fire: but the imagination is a little startled, when Virgil, in imitation of this Hyperbole, exhibits Camilla as flying over it without even touching the tops.

*Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina —*

THIS elegant author, we are afraid, has, upon some other occasions, degenerated into the frigid, in straining to improve upon his great master.

HOMER, in the *Odyssey*, a work which Longinus does not scruple to charge with bearing the marks of old age, describes a storm in which all the four winds were concerned together.

Ἐν δ' Ἐυρός τε, Νοτός τ' ἔπασε, Ζεφυρός τε δυσαῆς,
Και Βορὴς αἰθρηγενετὴς μέγα κῦμα κυλίνδων.

WE know that such a contention of contrary blasts could not possibly exist in Nature; for even in hurricanes, the winds blow alternately from different points of the compass. Nevertheless, Virgil adopts the description, and adds to its extravagance.

Incubere

*Incubere mari, totumque e sedibus imis
Una Euræque, Notusque ruunt, creberq; procellis
Africus.*

Here the winds not only blow together, but they turn the whole body of the ocean topsy turvy—

East, west, and south, engage with furious sweep,
And from its lowest bed upturn the foaming deep.

The north wind, however, is still more mischievous.—

—*Stridens aquilone procella,
Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.*

The sail then Boreas rends with hideous cry,
And whirls the madd'ning billows to the sky.

THE motion of the sea between Scyll'a and Charybdis is still more magnified; and Ætna is exhibited as throwing out volumes of flame, which brush the stars*. Such expressions as these are not intended as a real representation of the thing specified; they are designed to strike the reader's imagination; but they generally serve as marks of the author's sinking under his own ideas,

* Speaking of the first, he says,

*Tollimur in cælum curvato gurgite et ijdem,
Subducta, ad manes imos descendimus, unda—*

Of the other,

Attollitque globos flammæ, et sidera lambit:

who,

who, apprehensive of injuring the greatness of his own conception, is hurried into excess and extravagance.

QUINTILIAN allows the use of Hyperbole, when words are wanting to express any thing in its just strength or due energy : then, he says, it is better to exceed in expression, than fall short of the conception : but he likewise observes, that there is no figure or form of speech so apt to run into fustian. *Nec alia magis via in κακοζηλίαν itur.*

If the chaste Virgil has thus trespassed upon Poetical probability, what can we expect from Lucan but Hyperboles even more ridiculously extravagant ? He represents the winds in contest, the sea in suspense, doubting to which it shall give way. He affirms that its motion would have been so violent as to produce a second deluge, had not Jupiter kept it under by the clouds ; and as to the ship, during this dreadful uproar, *the sails touch the clouds, while the keel strikes the ground.*

Nubila tanguntur velis, et terra carina.

THIS image of dashing water at the stars, Sir Richard Blackmore has produced in colours truly ridiculous. Describing spouting whales in his
Prince

Prince Arthur, he makes the following comparison :

Like some prodigious water-engine made
To play on heav'n, if fire should heav'n invade.

THE great fault in all these instances is a deviation from propriety, owing to the erroneous judgement of the writer, who, endeavouring to captivate the admiration with novelty, very often shocks the understanding with extravagance. Of this nature, is the whole description of the Cyclops, both in the *Odyssey* of Homer and in the *Æneid* of Virgil. It must be owned, however, that the Latin Poet, with all his merit, is more apt than his great original to dazzle us with false fire, and practise upon the imagination with gay conceits, that will not bear the Critic's examination. There is not in any of Homer's works now subsisting such an example of the false sublime, as Virgil's description of the thunder-bolts forging under the hammers of the Cyclops.

*Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis Austri.*

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store,
As many parts; the dreadful mixture frame.

DRYDEN.

This

This is altogether a fantastic piece of affectation, of which we can form no sensible image, and serves to chill the fancy, rather than warm the admiration of a judging reader.

EXTRAVAGANT Hyperbole is a weed that grows in great plenty through the works of our admired Shakespeare. In the following description, which hath been much celebrated, one sees he has had an eye to Virgil's thunder-bolts.

O, then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the *moonshine's watery beams*, &c.

Even in describing fantastic beings, there is a propriety to be observed ; but surely nothing can be more revolting to common sense, than this numbering of the *moon beams* among the other implements of queen Mab's harness, which, though extremely slender and diminutive, are, nevertheless, objects of the touch, and may be conceived capable of use.

THE

THE Ode and Satire admit of the boldest Hyperboles : such exaggerations suit the impetuous warmth of the one ; and in the other have a good effect in exposing folly, and exciting horror against vice. They may be likewise successfully used in Comedy, for moving and managing the powers of ridicule.

E S S A Y XIX.

VERSE is an harmonious arrangement of long and short syllables, adapted to different kinds of Poetry, and owes its origin entirely to the measured cadence, or music, which was used when the first songs or hymns were recited. This music, divided into different parts, required a regular return of the same measure, and thus every *strophe*, *antistrophe*, or *stanza*, contained the same number of feet. To know what constituted the different kinds of rhythmical feet among the antients, with respect to the number and quantity of their syllables, we have nothing to do but to consult those who have written on grammar and prosody : it is the business of a schoolmaster rather than the accomplishment of a Man of Taste.

VARIOUS essays have been made in different countries to compare the characters of antient and modern versification, and to point out the difference beyond any possibility of mistake. But they

they have made distinctions where, in fact, there was no difference, and left the criterion unobserved. They have transferred the name of rhyme to a regular repetition of the same sound at the end of the line, and set up this vile monotony as the characteristic of modern verse, in contradistinction to the feet of the antients, which they pretend, the Poetry of modern languages will not admit.

RHYME, from the Greek word *ῥυμος*, is nothing else but number, which was essential to the antient as well as to the modern versification. As to the jingle of similar sounds, though it was never used by the antients in any regular return in the middle, or at the end of the line, and was by no means deemed essential to the versification, yet they did not reject it as a blemish, where it occurred without the appearance of constraint. We meet with it often in the epithets of Homer,—*Ἀργυρεοιο Βιοιο*—*Ἀνὰξ Ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων*—almost the whole first Ode of Anacreon is what we call rhyme. The following line of Virgil has been admired for the similitude of sound in the first two words.

Ore Arethusa tuo siculis confunditur undis.

RYTH-

RYTHMUS, or number, is certainly essential to verse, whether in the dead or living languages; and the real difference between the two, is this: The number in antient verse relates to the feet, and in modern Poetry to the syllables; for to assert that modern Poetry has no feet, is a ridiculous absurdity. The feet that principally enter into the composition of Greek and Latin verses, are either of two or three syllables: those of two syllables are either both long, as the spondee; or both short, as the pyrrhic; or one short and the other long, as the iambic, or one long and the other short, as the trochee. Those of three syllables are the dactyl of one long and two short syllables; the anapest, of two short and one long; the tribrachium, of three short; and the molossus, of three long.

FROM the different combinations of these feet, restricted to certain numbers, the antients formed their different kinds of verses, such as the hexameter or heroic, distinguished by six feet dactyls and spondees, the fifth being always a dactyl, and the last a spondee: *e. g.*

1 2 3 4 5 6

Principi-is obf-ta, se-ro medi-cina pa-ratur.

The

The pentameter of five feet, dactyls and spondees, or of six, reckoning two cæsuras.

1 2 3 4 5 6

Cum mala per lon-gas invalu-ere mo-ras.

They had likewise the iambic of three sorts, the dimeter, the trimeter, and the tetrameter, and all the different kinds of lyric verse specified in the odes of Sappho, Alcæus, Anacreon, and Horace. Each of these was distinguished by the number, as well as by the species of their feet; so that they were doubly restricted. Now, all the feet of the antient poetry are still found in the versification of living languages; for as cadence was regulated by the ear, it was impossible for a man to write melodious verse without naturally falling into the use of ancient feet, though, perhaps, he neither knows their measure nor denomination. Thus, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and all our Poets, abound with dactyls, spondees, trochees, anapests, &c. which they use indiscriminately in all kinds of composition, whether Tragic, Epic, Pastoral, or Ode, having in this particular greatly the advantage of the antients, who were restricted to particular kinds of feet in particular kinds of Verse. If we then are confined with the fetters of what is called rhyme, they

they were restricted to particular species of feet ; so that the advantages and disadvantages are pretty equally balanced : but, indeed, the English are more free in this particular, than any other modern nation. They not only use Blank-verse in Tragedy and the Epic, but even in Lyric Poetry. Milton's translation of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha is universally known, and generally admired, in our opinion, much above its merit. There is an Ode extant, without Rhyme, addressed to Evening, by the late Mr. Collins, much more beautiful ; and Mr. Warton with some others have happily succeeded in divers occasional pieces that are free of this restraint : but the number, in all of these, depends upon the syllables, and not upon the feet, which are unlimited.

It is generally supposed that the genius of the English language will not admit of Greek or Latin measure : but this, we apprehend, is a mistake owing to the prejudice of education. It is impossible that the same measure, composed of the same times, should have a good effect upon the ear in one language, and a bad effect in another. The truth is, we have been accustomed from our infancy to the numbers of English Poetry, and the very sound and signification of the words disposes

poses the ear to receive them in a certain manner ; so that its disappointment must be attended with a disagreeable sensation. In imbibing the first rudiments of education, we acquire, as it were, another ear for the numbers of Greek and Latin Poetry, and this being reserved entirely for the sounds and significations of the words that constitute those dead languages, will not easily accommodate itself to the sounds of our vernacular tongue, though conveyed in the same time and measure. In a word, Latin and Greek have annexed to them the ideas of the antient measure from which they are not easily disjoined. But we will venture to say, this difficulty might be surmounted by an effort of attention and a little practice ; and in that case we should, in time, be as well pleased with English as with Latin hexameters.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY is said to have miscarried in his essays ; but his miscarriage was no more than that of failing in an attempt to introduce a new fashion. The failure was not owing to any defect or imperfection in the scheme, but to the want of taste, to the irresolution and ignorance of the public. Without all doubt, the antient measure, so different from that of modern Poetry, must have appeared remarkably uncouth to people in general, who were ignorant of the classics ;

fics; and nothing but the countenance and perseverance of the learned could reconcile them to the alteration. We have seen several late specimens of English hexameters and sapphics, so happily composed, that by attaching them to the idea of ancient measure, we found them in all respects as melodious and agreeable to the ear, as the works of Virgil and Anacreon, or Horace.

THOUGH the number of syllables distinguishes the nature of the English Verse from that of the Greek and Latin, it constitutes neither harmony grace, nor expression. These must depend upon the choice of words, the seat of the accent, the pause, and the cadence. The accent, or tone, is understood to be an elevation or sinking of the voice in reciting: the pause is a rest that divides the verse into two parts, each of them called an hemistich. The pause and accent, in English Poetry, vary occasionally, according to the meaning of the words; so that the hemistich does not always consist of an equal number of syllables, and this variety is agreeable, as it prevents a dull repetition of regular stops, like those in the French versification, every line of which is divided by a pause exactly in the middle. The cadence comprehends that Poetical style which ani-

mates every line, that propriety which gives strength and expression, that numerosity which renders the verse smooth, flowing, and harmonious, that significancy which marks the passions, and, in many cases, makes the sound an echo to the sense. The Greek and Latin languages, in being copious and ductile, are susceptible of a vast variety of cadences which the living languages will not admit: and of these a reader of any ear will judge for himself.

END OF VOL. II.

47

